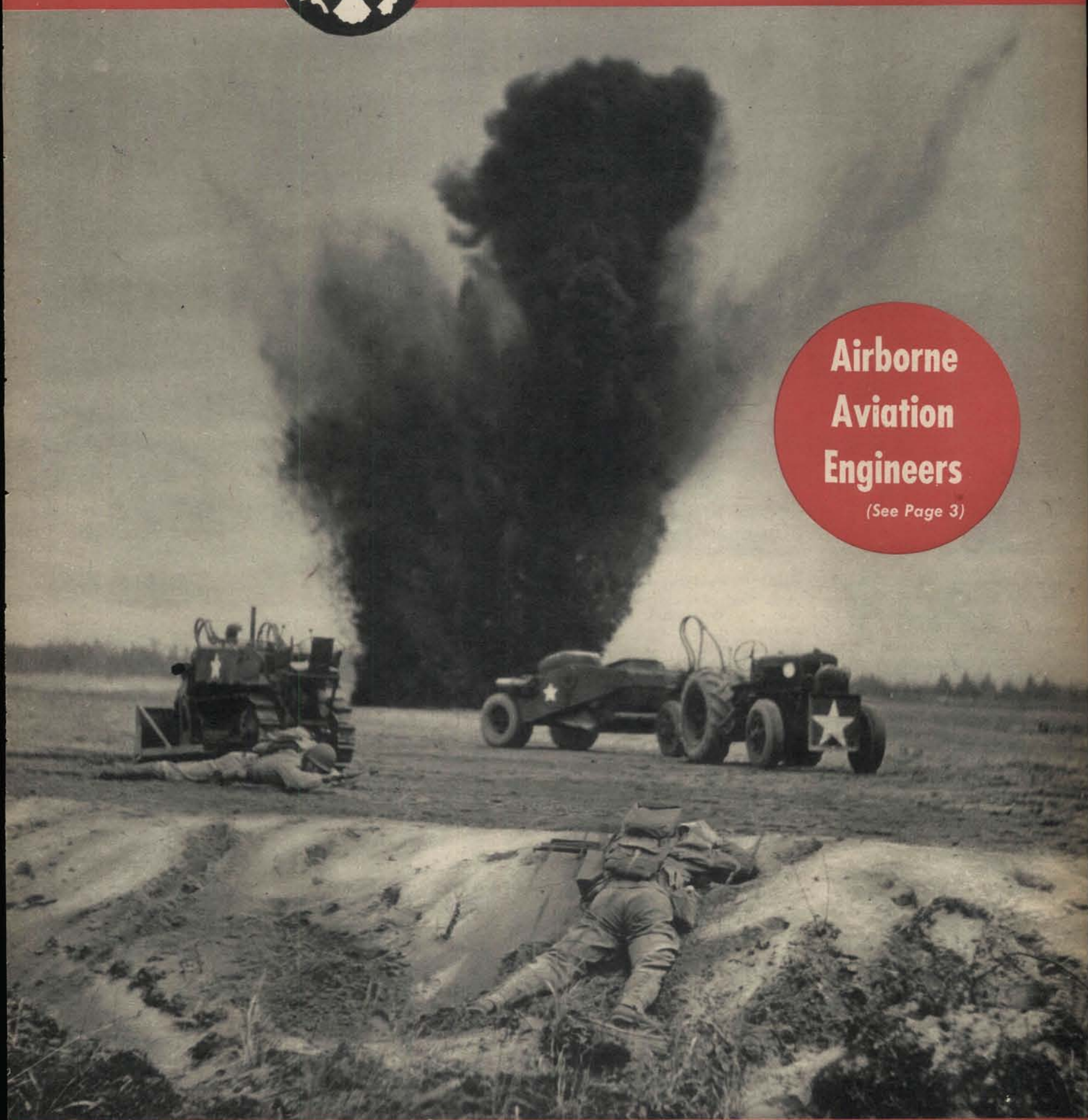
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ FEB. 3 1943
VOL. 1, NO. 34

By the men . . for the men in the service



Airborne Aviation Engineers

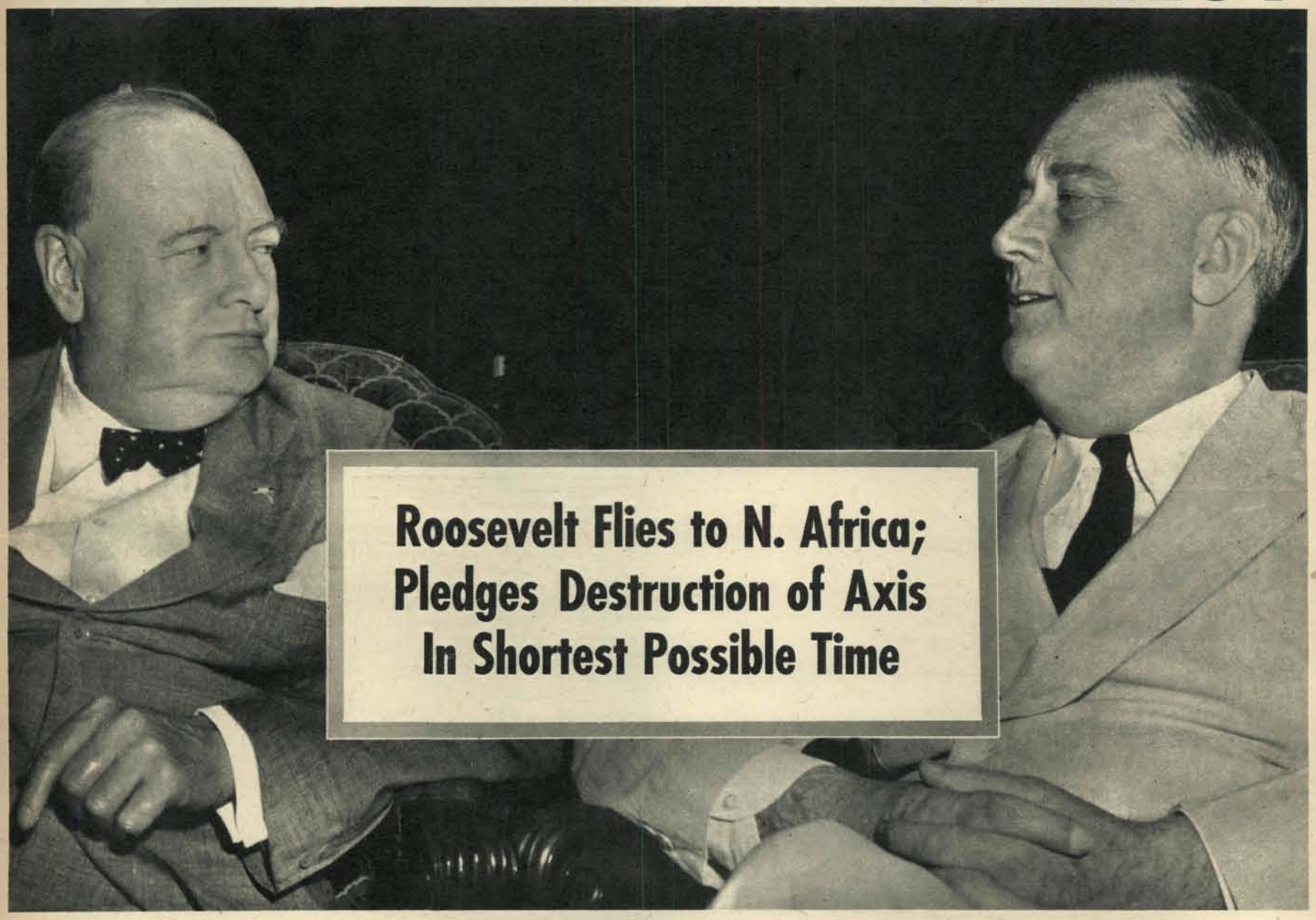
(See Page 3)

Who Has the Biggest Feet in the Army?

SEE RESULTS OF YANK'S BIG CONTEST PAGE 15

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALLIES AGREE ON WAR STRATEGY



Roosevelt Flies to N. Africa; Pledges Destruction of Axis In Shortest Possible Time

MEETING ON GROUND wrested by U. S. and British invasion forces from the Axis in North Africa, President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and leaders of the United Nations have agreed on a strategy to bring the Axis to unconditional surrender.

At Casablanca, which U. S. captured on Nov. 8, 1942, a historic 10-day meeting was held. All the United Nations were represented, either in person or by proxy. President Roosevelt flew to the meeting from Washington.

Out of the consultations came this agreement:

1) That our side will not stop short of "unconditional surrender" of Germany, Japan and Italy.

2) That the victory will be pushed to end the war at the earliest possible moment.

3) That all the resources of the United Nations will be pooled to get the job done.

4) That Russia will be helped up to the hilt with war materials to enable the Soviets to continue their hard pounding of the Axis partners.

5) That all possible aid will be given China by vigorous offensive action in the Pacific to end for all time Japanese attempts to dominate the Pacific.

Of great significance was participation at the conference by Gen. Henri Giraud, French commander in North Africa, and Gen. Charles De Gaulle, leader of the Fighting French. Josef Stalin and Chiang Kai-Shek could not leave their armies but were kept fully informed of the discussion as it progressed.

For 10 days the conferees, who included American Generals Eisenhower, Mark W. Clark and Carl Spaatz and British Commanders Gen. Harold Alexander, Air Marshal Arthur Tedder and Admiral Sir Andrew Brown Cunningham, huddled for 18 hours a day. Their objective: complete unity both politically and militarily to knock out the Axis at the earliest possible date.

Following the conference, President Roosevelt announced that the Allies are determined on destruction of the Axis' military power and its philosophy of conquest. He pointed out that this does not mean the civilian populations of the Axis countries, but their military power, leadership and philosophy.

De Gaulle, Giraud Agree

Complete agreement between Gen. De Gaulle and Gen. Giraud was reached, and they issued the following communique:

"At the conclusion of their first conversation in North Africa Gen. De Gaulle and Gen. Giraud have made the following statement. We have met. We have talked. We have registered our entire agreement on the end to be achieved which is the liberation of France and the triumph of human liberties by the total defeat of the enemy. This end will be attained by a union in war of all Frenchmen fighting side by side with all their allies."

President Roosevelt said that the French armies, navy and air force would all take part in the liberation of France.

F.D.R. Lauds U. S. Troops

The President had proud words concerning our North Africa Army.

"I saw a lot of American troops," he said. "The greater part of two divisions. I saw combat teams and had lunch with them in the field—and it was a darned good lunch. Then we drove to Port Lyautey where American and French troops were killed. I placed wreaths on the graves of the soldiers of both nations.

"I saw the equipment our boys are using over here. They are the most modern weapons we can produce and our men are adequately equipped. They are healthy and efficient and eager to fight again. I think they will. I saw with my own eyes the actual condition of our men and I would like to have their families back home know of the support they are getting."

Rumors that Gen. George C. Marshall will be appointed commander in chief of the Allied forces in the European theater of war were persistent during the conference, although there was no confirmation.

The Casablanca meeting overshadowed all other events of the week, but there were portentous developments on the fighting fronts of the world.

The siege of Leningrad, the longest of its kind in military history, was lifted.

Iraq, spokesman for the Moslem world, declared war on the Axis.

Tripoli fell before the 1500-mile advance of Gen. Montgomery's Eighth Army. Rommel was trying desperately to combine his forces with other Axis divisions in Tunisia.

The Russians continued their unrelenting advance on Kharkov and Rostov, wiping out so many German troops that the secret could no longer be kept from the people of Germany.

RED GALLAGHER

We don't believe in talking much about ourselves. The job of YANK is to report the news of fighting men. In that connection it is our job this week to mention Red Gallagher.

He was a YANK reporter. He didn't have to fight this war. He was over-age, had three kids, a good job. But he left them to go to war for YANK, and he isn't coming back. While on a YANK assignment overseas, Red's plane cracked up.

We can't go to press this week without giving Red Gallagher a little send-off. He was a great guy.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A miniature tractor is backed into a C-47 cargo-transport plane by Sgt. John Zazzarino, squad leader, Airborne Aviation Engineers.

Flying Airport Makers

Here is the first picture story of the Army's new Airborne Aviation Engineers who played a leading role in the North African invasion

By a YANK Staff Correspondent

WESTOVER FIELD, MASS.—The Airborne Aviation Engineers came as a surprise to everyone — including some of our own far-flung generals.

Shortly before the remarkable new Air Force outfit was exploded in the face of the enemy, one general wrote from the Solomons: "If we could only get engineers in here to keep these airfields repaired, the Japs wouldn't last for more than a week. But how are we going to transport that huge, heavy equipment into the islands?"

Another wrote from Somewhere in Asia: "What a cinch if there were some way of bringing bulldozers and tractors this far inland. We could make any rice field or jungle clearing into an airfield in less than 24 hours. The enemy could then be disorganized, and hurled into disastrous retreat."

Lt. Gen. Henry H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces, kept the secret well, and helped throw the enemy off the track.

"Our air power," he said at the time, "is like a three-legged stool. The first leg is pilots. The second leg is airplanes. The third leg is bases. We've built the first and second legs. Before the stool can maintain itself erect, we have to lick the problem of keeping the third leg intact at all times."

A few days later, during the early morning of Nov. 8, the Airborne Aviation Engineers were unveiled to the enemy—in North Africa.

They came ashore just south of Casablanca, Morocco. They came in small landing boats, converted temporarily from airborne into amphibious units. As the bows of their landing boats dropped, and their equipment rumbled through the surf, regular Army engineer units who had landed from other ships rubbed their eyes in amazement.

Machinery in Miniature

First came a bulldozer or tractor-scraper. It was just like any other bulldozer they had ever known. But a bulldozer is ordinarily the size of a 2½-ton truck and this one was smaller than a jeep.

Next came a carry-all or dirt scraper and remover. Generally, a carry-all is about the size of a small house. But here was one, complete to the last detail, no bigger than an average office desk.

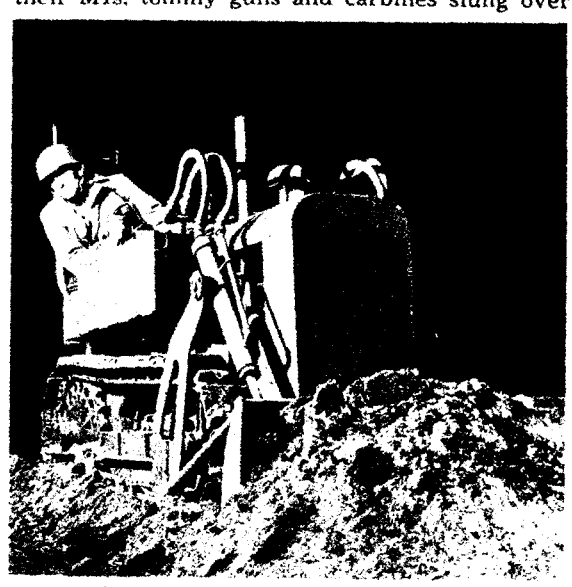
There was a slip-scraper—to level airfields—the size of a G.I. cot, a sheepsfoot roller—to break up and level hard earth—no bigger than an ordinary tennis court roller, an asphalt repairer more compact than a field stove, and a gasoline-operated portable lighting unit capable of keeping an entire airfield illuminated for an indefinite period of time.

Everything was built to the exact size of the door of a C-47 transport plane, or the nose of a transport glider.

It was a miracle of American production and engineering skill.

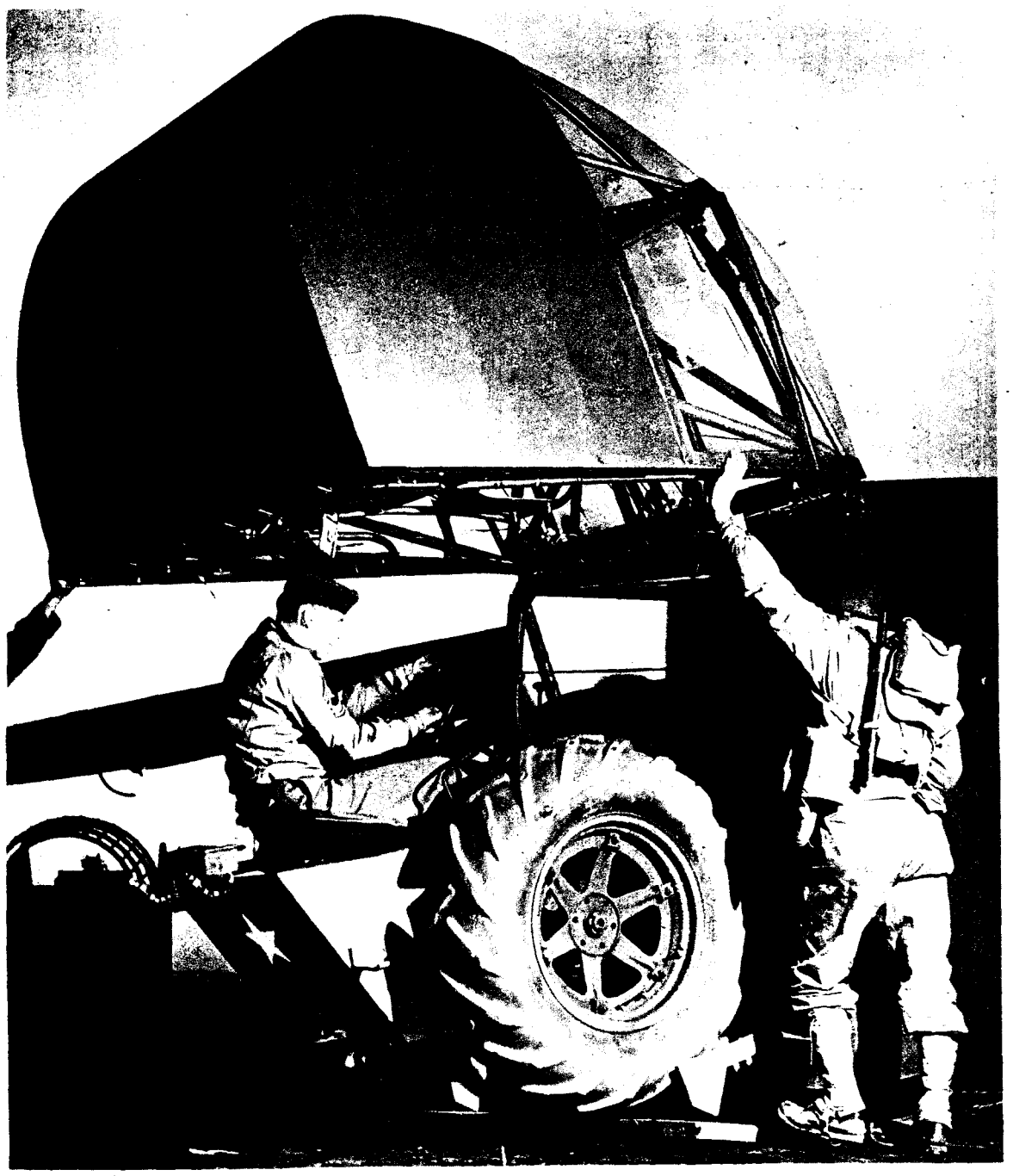
The Airborne Aviation Engineers went into action that same day, Nov. 8. Riding their precious equipment, they pushed inland seven miles to an airfield behind the enemy lines, already captured by our parachute troops. The field was pocked with bomb craters, the runway strewn with wrecked planes and blasted into uselessness. The field, although captured, was absolutely worthless to us. Not even a kiddie car could land there, let alone a fighter plane or a bomber.

But then the engineers arrived. Working with their M1s, tommy guns and carbines slung over



Creating an emergency airfield at night.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



They fly to objectives in gliders, too. Here, glider nose opens to admit equipment.

their shoulders, they tore around the field in their bug-like little machines. While the paratroops held off enemy counter-attacks, they removed the wrecked planes, blew up enemy mine fields, tamped down the bomb craters, filled them with newly excavated earth, covered them with asphalt. Then they installed their own lighting system to replace the one knocked out by the fleeing enemy. In a few hours, the field was ready for use. Their miniature pack radios flashed the news.

A Present From Gen. Doolittle

Down came American and British planes in droves. First, airborne infantry to consolidate the Allies' hold on the field. Then fighters and bombers. Then empty cargo planes.

"What the devil are *these* for?" asked the major, commanding the engineers, when he saw the empty cargo planes.

"A little present from Gen. Doolittle," said one of the C-47 pilots. "He sent these to pick up your men and equipment. You've got a little job to do at a field about a hundred miles from here. The paratroops have already grabbed the field—and now they're waiting for you to fix it up. Also the general said to tell you that your boys did a swell job—and thanks."

In this way, the Airborne Aviation Engineers, making their first public appearance, hedge-hopped a censored number of times to a censored number of airfields, and rebuilt them—behind the enemy lines. Their work was one of the principal crushing factors in the quick overwhelming of enemy resistance. It was also one of the principal factors in changing our whole concept of aerial warfare. Now we are no longer restricted by fixed bases, and can attack the enemy from anywhere and everywhere. Our new Airborne Aviation Engineers can make crash landings in gliders in any open space, and set up an airfield even in a rice paddy a hundred miles from Hirohito's palace, if they so desire. No other air force in the world has anything remotely to compare with it.

Within a few hours of the great North African victory, Brig. Gen. Stuart C. Godfrey, Air Force Chief of Engineers, was swamped with requests for the new units from AEF commanders all over the world. Gen. Arnold expressed complete satisfaction. "The third leg of the stool is built," he said. "Now we can go to town."

The Airborne Aviation Engineers are Air Force troops and must not be confused with ordinary Airborne Engineers, whose principal mission is to assist the airborne ground forces behind the enemy lines. The Airborne Aviation Engineers have only to do with air fields. They were strictly Gen. Godfrey's baby from the very beginning. The idea came into the general's mind less than six months ago, when plans were being made for the invasion of North Africa and Europe. Gen. Godfrey called together a staff of brilliant army engineers, among them 26-year-old Maj. H. G. Woodbury, and set them to work on plans for the organization and equipment of the new outfit. Later Maj. Woodbury was put in command of the first provisional battalion. He drew up specifications for commercial manufacturers to make the new miniature equipment. This was a back-breaking task. Not a single manufacturer had ever dreamed of making anything so small. The only model Maj. Woodbury could give them to go by was a tiny tractor used by the U. S. Forestry Service, capable of winding in and out among trees, and putting out forest fires by ploughing up furrows.

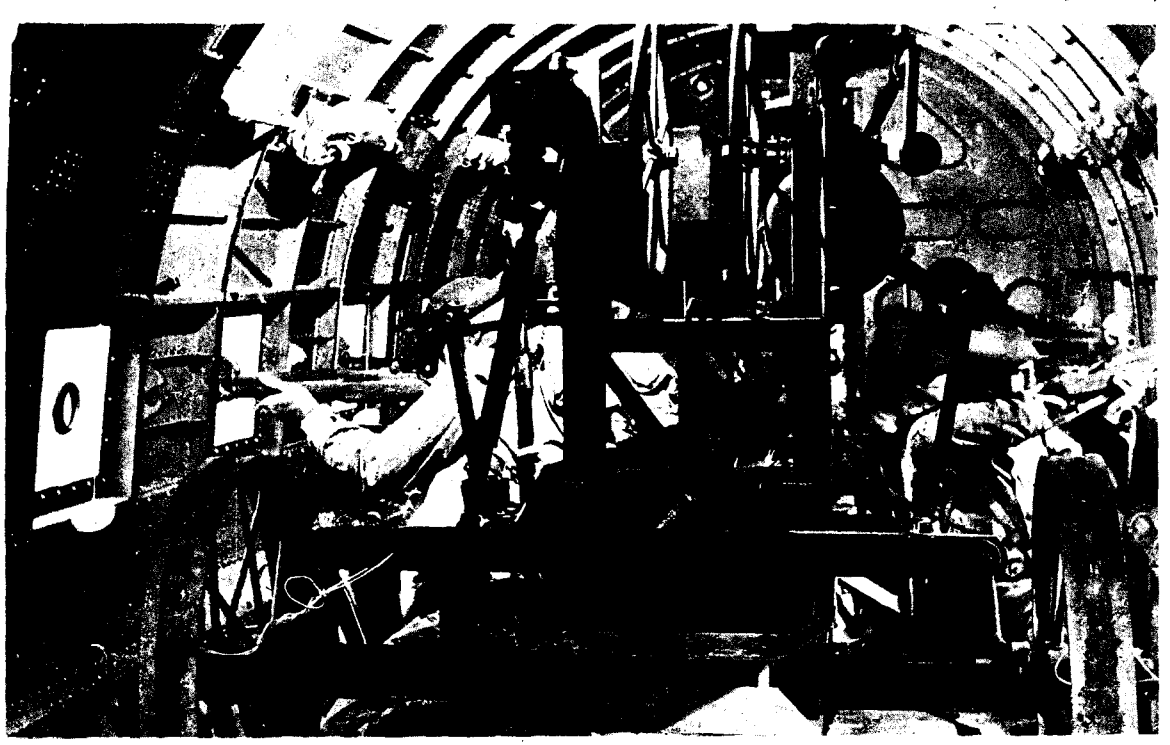
Blitzkrieg—American Style

Before any of the equipment could be completed, units of the Airborne Aviation Engineers were ordered to a port of embarkation. Gen. Doolittle wanted them for North Africa. A few days before the engineers were scheduled to sail for Gibraltar, they didn't have so much as a tractor in the way of equipment. When they sailed, they had everything. Maj. Woodbury had rushed production, commandeered a squadron of C-47s, and flown the machinery direct from the factories to the port of embarkation.

An entire outfit was ready for action less than six months after the Airborne Aviation Engineers were nothing more than an idea in a man's mind. This was blitzkrieg—American style.

Today, the Airborne Aviation Engineers are training at Camp Claiborne, La., and here at Westover Field. Other battalions are springing up elsewhere, to meet the demand for them from all over the world. The men are volunteers, hand-picked for physical stamina and technical skill. They must undergo a rigid physical examination before acceptance. Although their job is fully as dangerous as the paratroopers, they don't get extra flying pay yet—but probably will in the future.

Every man must be a thorough specialist in the handling of machinery. In a company, for instance, there are only six shovels. All the rest are trained operators of the highly complicated miniature equipment. Also every man must be a thorough specialist in fighting and, like the paratroopers with whom they work,

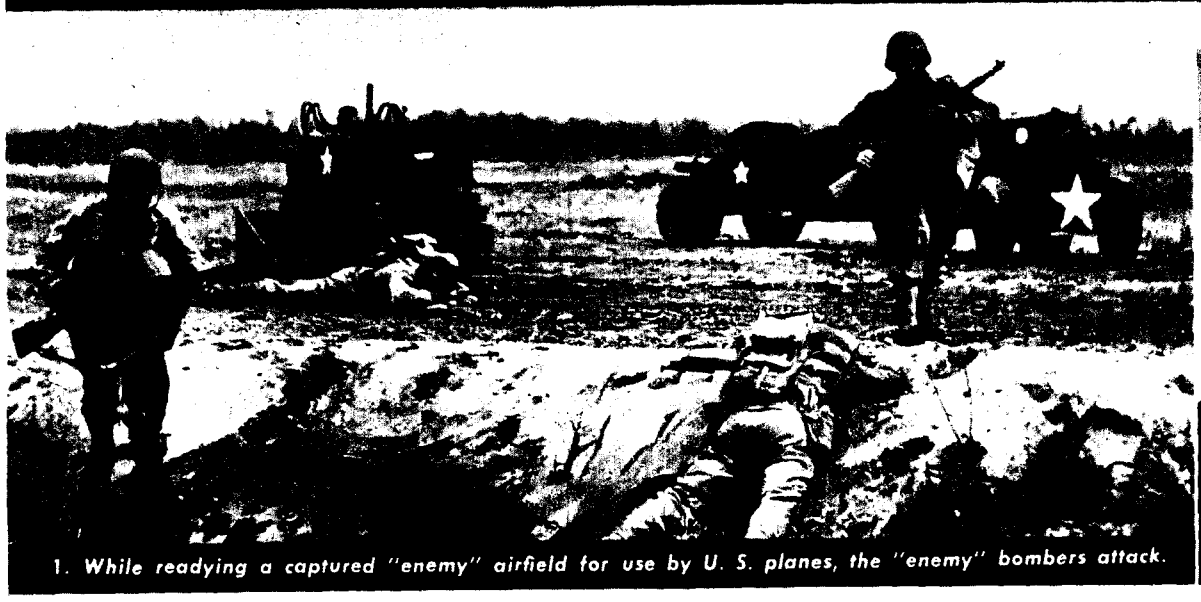


Interior of a C-47 cargo-transport plane filled with armed engineers and a grader.

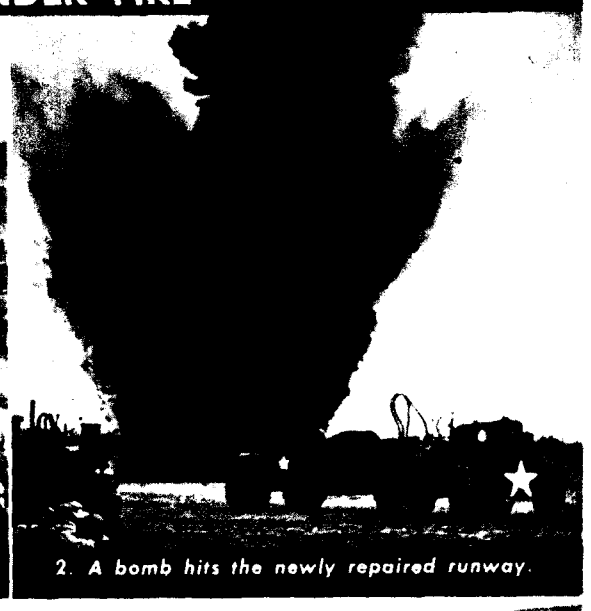
YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Copyright, 1943, in the U. S. A. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW ENGINEERS REPAIR AIRPORT UNDER FIRE



1. While readying a captured "enemy" airfield for use by U. S. planes, the "enemy" bombers attack.



2. A bomb hits the newly repaired runway.

must be able to handle himself in all emergencies. The fire-power of a single company of Airborne Aviation Engineers is terrific. Every private carries an M1, every corporal a Thompson sub-machine gun, every officer a carbine, and every sergeant an '03 rifle with an M9 anti-tank grenade. Even the clerks fly and fight.

As 21-year-old M/Sgt. William Watkins, tractor expert from Bessemer, Ala., puts it, "Our principal job is to work—not fight. But brother, we work with one hand on a bulldozer, and the other on the good old rifle."

When the men arrive at Westover Field, they have already completed basic combat training and ordinary engineer training, usually at Fort Belvoir. All that remains is to get them accustomed to flying, and teach them the intricacies of the new miniature equipment. The second day after they arrive, they are loaded into a C-47 and taken up for a test flight. The pilot puts the big plane through dives and turns, hedge-hops a few feet above the surface of the Connecticut River, and generally tries to scare hell out of the new Airborne Engineers. Cardboard Coca-Cola containers are provided for any nausea that might develop en route. This procedure is repeated for the next few days. At the end of that time, those who still get sick are classed as unfit and weeded out.

Tough Training Makes Experts

The others are then given intensive training in handling the equipment. This is directed by technical experts like 25-year-old company commander Capt. William Shoemaker, who was a public health engineer for the state of Virginia; Sgt. Robert McCauley, a master truck mechanic from Greensboro, N. C.; and Sgt. Ray Sumner, superintendent of streets in Beaumont, Calif., for seven years, who can handle a baby tractor the way Eddie Arcaro handles a thoroughbred horse.

Interspersed with the mechanical training is more flying. The men are loaded into a C-47, which lands in the middle of a tiny clearing in the mountains. The problem is then to build a runway suitable to allow the plane to take off again. If they can't, they're stuck—miles away from nowhere. The men never know where they are. Once, Pvt. Robert McNulty, a British seaman in the last war, stumbled on a ramshackle soft-drink stand and inquired as to his whereabouts. When he was told the name of the town, McNulty blandly asked, "What state?" He was almost arrested as a lunatic or a Nazi spy.

Each morning, every man, from company commander and master sergeant down, goes through a long period of commando exercises, and a rugged 200-yard obstacle course.

It's tough, but when the training is finished, the men are experts—in a remarkably short period of time. They can:

1) Load their equipment in C-47s and repair any seized airfield, or make an airfield out of any flat piece of ground;

2) Accomplish the same thing by crashlandings in special gliders whose noses open up to admit and discharge the equipment;

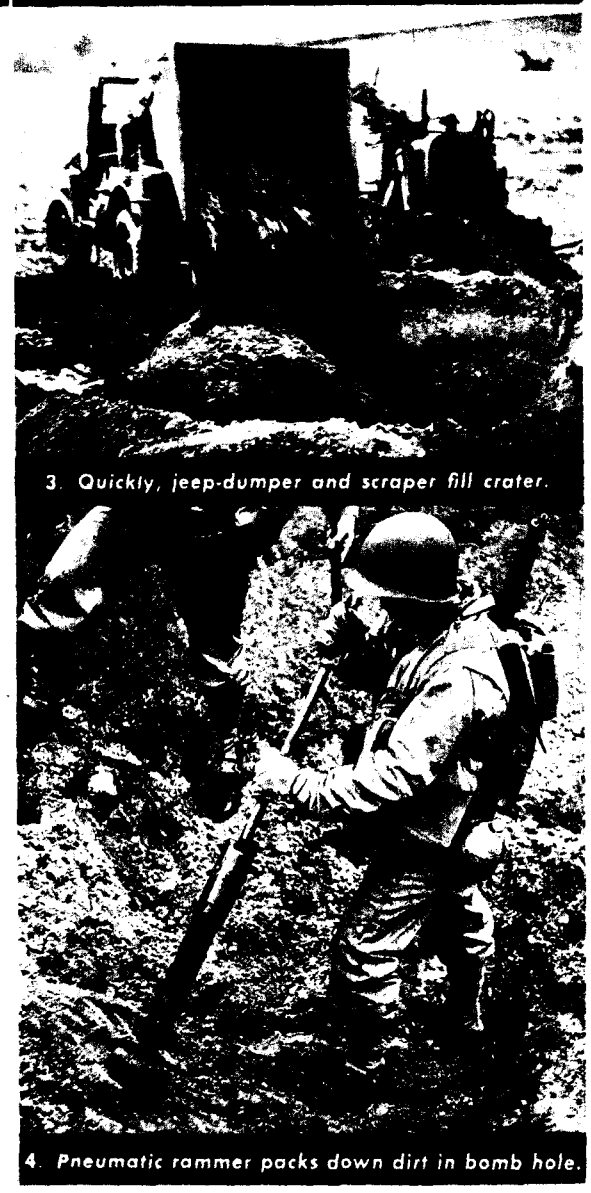
3) Accomplish the same thing by landing their equipment in small assault boats on an enemy-held beach;

4) Reinforce ordinary aviation engineer ground crews, if necessary, in building roads, demolishing enemy minefields, de-contaminating gassed areas, constructing camouflage for airfields, and installing power and supply systems;

5) They can fight.

As Maj. Woodbury, who now commands the first Airborne Aviation Engineer battalion to see action, sums it up.

"Wherever the Air Forces go, we'll be there —to keep 'em there."



3. Quickly, jeep-dumper and scraper fill crater.

4. Pneumatic rammer packs down dirt in bomb hole.

Under wing of a glider, these engineers guard against attack while others work.

5. Thirty minutes after bombing, runway is usable.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seaman Walter S. Jones Jr.

How Troopship Leedstown Sank

Planes and subs both attacked famous Grace Liner before torpedo administered coup de grace

WASHINGTON, D. C.—When the U.S.S. *Leedstown* went down off the coast of Algeria, victim of an enemy submarine, there ended also the glamorous career of a noble, pleasure-loving lady.

The U.S.S. *Leedstown*, nee *Santa Lucia*, luxury liner of the Grace Line in the days before such things were stopped, regularly plied the route between New York and South America with nothing more serious on her mind than to get her cargo of passengers and bananas to and fro.

As the U.S.S. *Leedstown*, she was engaged in more serious business—that of transporting Uncle Sam's fighting men to battle areas.

It was on such a mission that she lost her life.

Embarking from an eastern seaport somewhere in the U. S., the *Leedstown* accompanied our invasion of Algeria with her cabins and hold crammed full of soldiers and sailors. Among those present was 18-year-old Seaman Walter S. Jones Jr., who witnessed the violent death of the *Leedstown*, and recorded the dramatic details as they appear in this story.

On the night of the *Leedstown's* arrival, it was so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. Landing boats were lowered and gathered in a wide circle, big black shapes in the night. Landing nets were let over the side and a portable blinker signaled the boats to come alongside. The type of blinker used is a cross between a flashlight and a shot gun, so designed that no one except the person for whom it is intended can see the lights.

The first boatload of men was ready for the several-mile run to shore about 10 o'clock at night; and the unloading and landing operations continued until morning.

Immediately after the landing operations had been completed, the ship began its next assignment. Without a pause, the *Leedstown* began loading wounded for transportation out of the battle area.

Seaman Jones was in a landing boat alongside, helping to board a wounded private and a lieutenant when the first air attack hit. Enemy planes came over and machine-gunned the ship, but the bullets spattered harmlessly.

An Old Gag That Worked

"I worked all day on the landing nets," Jones said, "helping repair some boats that had been damaged by the rocks and surf. It was at dusk that the next air attack came. You always get them at dusk or dawn because in that light the planes are hard to spot. They used an old gag this time to distract our attention. One plane came in close to draw the fire of our gunners. While this maneuver was going on, another plane came in with an aerial torpedo. The soldiers on the sundeck winged the first plane with a 20-mm machine gun, but they didn't stop it. But as it swung past the fantail the boys got it with a 3-pounder set with a two-second fuse. The plane burst into flames and crashed into the rocks on the shore. While we'd been working on that plane, the other one managed to put a torpedo into our fantail, which put our steering gear out of commission.

"All during this attack, there was an operation going on in the sick bay, where the doctor was operating on a lieutenant with a fractured skull."

The next day the convoy moved into Algiers, about 17 miles away, leaving the *Leedstown* behind with one English corvette. It was pretty tense waiting, while the corvette prowled around for submarines.

An attack was expected at dawn, but it didn't come. About 10 in the morning, the corvette dropped a depth charge, which meant that a sub had been sounded somewhere.

About 1:30 two enemy bombers came over and dropped bombs which missed. They were chased away by Spitfires before they could do any damage. Shortly after that, however, two torpedoes from a submarine dealt the fatal blows. The *Leedstown* was hit in the middle. Most of the men in the fire room were killed, but those in the engine room got out.

"I don't know for sure whether the torpedoes started a fire or not," Jones said, "but there was a lot of smoke coming up from amidships. I guess the captain decided with what we were carrying he couldn't take any chances, so he ordered 'abandon ship.' About a hundred of the crew had regular stations for 'abandon ship,' and I was one of them.

"We had to carry out the patients and put them in the one boat that we had left. The motor was so clogged with sand it couldn't run. But we figured it would drift to shore, and it was a lot better than the rafts.

"We started to dump the rafts overboard. They are supposed to be fixed on slides so that you can just cut the lines and let them drop into the water. Somehow ours were all fouled up, so we had to throw them over. Some of the guys who were in too much of a hurry to wait for the rafts jumped into the water. A lot of them got hit by the rafts. Some who couldn't swim jumped over without life belts. One soldier dove off the bridge with his helmet on and broke his neck."

The crew, as a whole, was pretty calm. There were a few, supposed to stay at battle stations, who jumped off. Many more who were supposed to leave the ship, however, stuck around to help out where they could.

The ship was abandoned about 40 minutes after the order had been given.

Every Man For Himself

Those men in the water who could swim went after the rafts as fast as they could make it. Seaman Jones got on one with 11 other men. The rafts were supposed to be equipped with canoe paddles but these had disappeared. There was nothing to do but hope that the raft would drift to shore, which it did.

However, the surf which up to this day had been calm, picked this time to get rough. To make things even worse, the raft started drifting straight toward a stretch of wicked rocks between the two beaches where the landing operations had been made the night before. With the surf pounding like a locomotive on the sharp, jagged rocks, chances of survival faded swiftly.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grabbing a piece of flooring that floated by, Jones and his mates hauled it aboard and tried to use it for a sail to guide them away from the rocks. It worked. The others weren't so lucky. Raft after raft dashed against the rocks, killing the men who could do nothing but hang on and watch their fate come rushing on to engulf them.

When they hit the surf, it was every man for himself. Jones didn't see what happened to the others, because he was knocked out. When he recovered he was on the beach and two Frenchmen were trying to pour some cognac into him. He had been hauled ashore by French natives.

Army trucks shortly took survivors to a camp in the interior. There were still fights raging in the air. Once, dive bombers machine-gunned the trucks carrying the men back.

Food was scarce when they arrived at camp. There were canned rations, but none to spare.

"Finally," Jones reported, "I went in with three other fellows and saw a captain. He and a couple of lieutenants broke into their stores, pulled out some coffee and food and started to prepare it for us. I got a big kick out of having a captain cook for me."

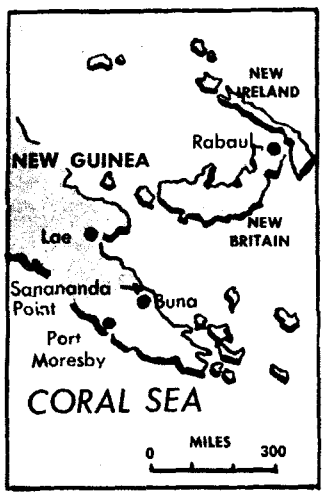
The men stayed at the camp for three days, and then moved on to Algiers for their return to the States.

"When I got here," Seaman Jones says, "I signed up to go to a PT-boat school. I hope I get in. Those little boats really can be exciting."

Cpl. RICHARD PAUL
YANK Staff Correspondent

Jap Prisoners at Sanananda Think MacArthur Dead

WITH THE U. S. FORCES ADVANCING ON SANANANDA POINT, NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—Slogging off to battle through slimy mud as gripping as quick-sand, a Yank hollered over his shoulder: "If my Christmas package ever comes, save some of that fruit cake for me. I'll be hungry as hell after killing some more of those b————s."



Map Showing Sanananda

And what does one of those "b————s," a Jap, say when he goes into battle?

"Watakuski wa sude ni kuni wo deta toji ikite kaeranai kakugo wo shite imashita," is what one of them said.

Translated, this means, "When I left my country I was determined not to come back alive."

This contrast between the Yanks and Japs is very evident. American soldiers expect to lick the Japs and come back. The Nipponese expect that, win or lose, they must die.

Death Their Only Prospect

Japs interviewed in the prison camp here admit that they came to New Guinea with nothing to look forward to but death. Americans came with the sole purpose of winning.

Captured Japanese, when they see a gun in a guard's hands, point to their heads and say, "Shoot." When lined up and stripped for routine clothing inspection, they kneel in rows as they've seen Chinese do when they're about to be beheaded. They bow their heads in shame.

They don't try to escape because they know that to return to Japan after having been a prisoner is a disgrace. They had signed pledges upon joining the army that they would give their lives to the Emperor.

When asked if he had heard of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, one Jap said, "Yes, he was killed in the Philippines."

Flown by air to the rear area prison camp, a Jap stepped out of the transport plane and his eyes opened wide in amazement. Dozens of planes were taking off, landing or being loaded. He had been told that the Allies had lost most of their aircraft.

Prison chow is plentiful and this confounds the Jap prisoners. They had heard that the Yanks and the Aussies were starving because New Guinea supplies were cut off. If anyone's starving in New Guinea, it's the Japanese. Their ribs stick out. Their arms and legs are skinny.

In his New Guinea fox hole, Sgt. Don Green, of Coldwater, Mich., takes a drink.

They gulp their food and eat so much of everything that's offered to them that one guard said, "KP would be a cinch here. These Japs lick their platters so clean they shine."

A Decided Change In Diet

Rice and dried fish were the Jap prisoner's only diet while fighting, and there was mighty little of this. When soup, meat and dessert are given to them on the same tray, they grab a mouthful from each dish and swallow it. Sometimes in the morning their coffee gets mixed up with the cereal and milk. They have no understanding of our manner of eating. When the guards try to show them, they get mad at what they call unwarranted interference.

Although many of them are covered with sores as a result of uncleanliness, and are so filthy you can smell them yards away, the guards have to force them under a shower.

One Yank explained their aversion to bathing in this way: "I guess they figure that as long as they're going to die anyway, washing is a waste of time."

Wounded Japs show no gratitude for the medical care that's given them. They watch the medicines and treatment closely but their faces remain expressionless. They've seen Chinese and other Allied prisoners given medical treatment, only later to be mistreated and even killed. They act as if they faced the same fate.

Death, once so welcome to them, becomes feared the longer they are captives, because they begin to realize that it won't be a glorious death on a battlefield. This, the Emperor would not like. Expecting in captivity the death that never comes, they are sullen and unsmiling.

Most of them pretend they don't understand English but when a guard asks, "Would you like a cigarette?" their faces brighten. They take cigarettes as they take other treatment from their captors, with obvious pleasure but without thanks.

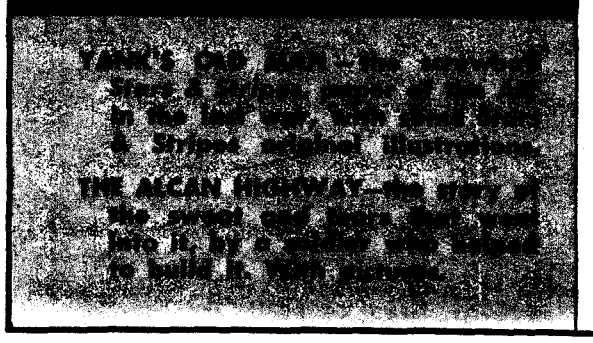
They do such light work as digging irrigation trenches around their barbed-wire enclosure or chopping wood. For such light work that's only given to them to keep them active they are paid more than twice what they made as Jap soldiers. Even this doesn't change their moroseness.

A big tough Aussie who guarded German prisoners in Egypt before coming to New Guinea to guard Japs said he preferred guarding Germans.

"These Nazi blokes at least smiled sometimes," he said. "But these Japs—Cripes! They mope around like dead men."

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yanks at Home and Abroad

Dear Diary: Will We Ever Forget The Time We Had Our First Convoy!

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—In the personal memoirs of every soldier who has been overseas, there is one vivid chapter called "convoy" not likely to be forgotten.

It opens one evening at an "unnamed" port of embarkation.

Already, authentic "straight from GHQ" rumors have had it that we are sailing for England, for India, for Iceland, for the South Pole.

Then, too, there is the wag on deck who, as the company staggers up the gang plank of the great blue-gray transport under the burden of full field packs, rifles and other equipment, shouts, "Don't worry, fellows, it's only a dry run."

Once aboard, troops are quickly assigned to quarters, usually far, far below decks. Inland boys probably never realized before how deep a ship's hold is. Hammocks are slung four deep and the smart boys grab the hammocks next to the floor because the air is cooler there.

Sometime during the night there's a lot of whirring and chugging from the engines below, the ship throbs and the transport is on its way.

The first morning at sea is exciting. Most of the boys have never been out of sight of land before. It's a little breath-taking to watch the convoy form, to see the dull, rusty hulks that are merchant ships waddle into their places. Somebody points to lumpy looking objects on the decks of the merchantmen; someone else announces with quiet superiority that they are such-and-such model tanks.

The troop commander asks for volunteers for KP that morning. Like true soldiers, no one volunteers. But that's a mistake, it develops, because the lowly KPs of land are the aristocrats of the sea. While their comrades eat two meals a day, the KPs stuff themselves three times and get all the between-meal snacks they can hold.

But by evening of the first day, food is beginning to lose its appeal. The chow line at breakfast the second morning is very short. Before the second day is over many are seasick—but in most cases it doesn't last too long. Lucky ones with seltzer tablets hardly miss a meal.

By the third day troops have discovered that maybe life on a transport isn't so bad after all. There are few formations, plenty of time for "bunk fatigue," the library has some good books, the ship's canteen turns out to be a pretty friendly place and, best of all, there's time for long bull sessions.

Guard duty on board ship is fascinating. For once the soldier does a sailor's job—keeping an auxiliary lookout. Tensely he searches the horizon for submarines, even though he has never seen a submarine and has no very clear idea of what to do if he should see one.

One afternoon one of the guarding destroyers tosses depth charges—and the guns of a terrier-like corvette bark angrily. Nobody ever explains what actually happened, but the soldier's reminiscences will say: "Two submarines sunk."

Finally, there is something blue in the distance, the escorting vessels begin to relax their ceaseless, nervous racing back and forth, and the outlines of a city begin to take shape.

The convoy has arrived. —Cpl. BILL O'HOLLAREN

When a Guy Can't Get Coke, He Can Always Drink "Champagne"

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA [By Cable] — American troops in India are drinking "champagne" these days, thanks to the ingenuity of a PX officer in this theater.

The "champagne" isn't vintage stock, and its alcoholic content is similar to that of milk, but it's the best available substitute for coke.

Here, where the thirstiest soldiers in the world work and fight in a 130-degree heat during the hot season, the PX officer's job is a headache. Second of America's most distant outposts, supply boats and planes arrive very irregularly here. Naturally, munitions and military supplies get priority over everything else, and that does not help the PX officer when he tries to explain the absence of life's little luxuries to a crochety colonel or a peevish private. Both figure that he should be able to pull things out of his hat.

That is exactly what Capt. G. Barrish, of Philadelphia, did when he was informed that there was no more coke syrup. The Army medical officers refused to OK several native substitutes because they were unsanitary. So Barrish rented a building at an Indian base port, bought bottling machinery, hired help, put enlisted men in charge of supervising the sanitation, and began making a soft drink which was a cross between cream soda and coke.

The new drink, which now sells at the PX throughout India, was promptly dubbed "champagne." The plant is turning out 5,000 bottles daily with the bottle-washing crew doing more than its six hours of daily duty, to keep up with the demand.

The drink sells for three *annas* or 6 cents a bottle. This is wonderful because American beer has been virtually non-existent for the past six months. Only nine cans were rationed out in the entire period. —Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They Don't Joke on Guadalcanal When a Battalion Moves Up

WITH THE U.S. ARMY ON GUADALCANAL—The Battalion Command Post wasn't much of a place but it had a wonderful view.

Over the rolling, broken terrain in front you could see the Jap positions we were shelling, and looking back you could watch blue smoke curling lazily up from the guns when the artillery let fly. The 75s thumped back there and the shells lobbed over. Sometimes you could catch the burst on the slope in the distance.

With your naked eye you could see the craters, and through the telescope they came up close. You couldn't see the Japs. They were pretty close to the ground. A plane worked over them from flank to flank, just nosing around.

The front? That's part of it. You can't just walk up to a line in the jungle and say, "This is the front," because in this tangle of trees and vines there is no such thing, actually. There are advance positions and patrols and snipers and strong points, but all are embraced by the jungle.

The CP itself, with its view from the rim of the jungle, was a few hundred yards from our advance positions on the other side of the hill. Through the maze of green, visibility into the bush is practically nil; you can see about as far as you can throw a rock and that's not very far. Men are fighting in that stuff — fighting Japs wearing clothes almost exactly the same shade as our own greens, fighting the heat and mosquitoes and the matted growth on the Solomons hills.

"It's slow, hard work," said a colonel from Chicago. He grinned, showing teeth so white they surprised you when they flashed out from the heavy black beard on his face. There was nothing about him that suggested he was an officer; he wore greens with the coat open all the way down. But he talked like a man with authority and there was pride in his voice. "The boys are getting on to this kind of fighting," he said.

His men were part of the steadily-arriving Army reinforcements, and there were ways of killing a Jap in the jungle that they had to learn for themselves.

The colonel said the CP was scheduled to move up within 24 hours. The battalion was pushing on.

On the hillside, shelter halves were stretched over fox holes dug into the coral. It was hot in the holes, but there is no escape from the heat anywhere on Guadalcanal in the daytime except in a river far to the rear where everybody bathes and washes clothes.

A patrol had come in from the bush to make its report. Sweat-soaked infantrymen, tired and covered with black jungle grime, were sprawled around, half sitting or lying face down on the ground. Belts with yellow-painted grenades attached were flung beside them, and rifles leaned within arm's reach against ammunition cases or tree trunks.

Two soldiers walked over to a half-empty, moisture-sodden packing case and rummaged through tins of rations. Nearby another Yank stood half naked, his coveralls ripped off above the fabric belt. It's all expendable here and a man makes such changes in his clothing as he thinks best. Sleeves and pantlegs are sheared off and leggings are cut low. In the old days the CO would have blown a fuse; here it's different.

Men sat around, watching the shell bursts on the Jap positions, and talked, while officers bent over aerial photographs and the sergeant major made out his morning's strength report. Some of the men had shaved recently, but they were the exception; it's better to have a beard.

Soldier talk at the CP was grim. No foolishness. A patrol last night had run into trouble and another patrol was out now to clean up the machine gun that had caused it. What about snipers? Damn the snipers—get that gun! The guide who was taking the patrol up had been wounded this morning and they'd sent him back. The patrol went on.

Down off the hillside, engineers worked in the sun stripped to the waist. Bulldozers bit into the ground and cleared out a road while our artillery whistled overhead.

The machinery bucked and plunged, and past it in single file came native boys, wearing discarded G.I. clothes or their own wrap-arounds, bearing tins of food and water containers up to the CP. They bent low and felt their way up the steep slope, their big bare toes digging footholds into the ground.

By afternoon a jeep could make it to the top; the bulldozers had pushed their way to the CP at the edge of the jungle; tomorrow they would all go on.

The battalion was moving up.

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

A sketch by Sgt. Howard Brodie from the South Pacific.

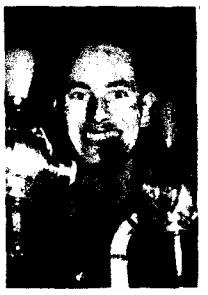
WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Cpl. Harvey Noren, of Minneapolis, Minn., is an Air Forces engineer, and was waiting at a South Pacific base for repairs on his plane when this picture was taken. To his pal, Cpl. Bob Williamson, a fellow Minnesotan and engineer, Harvey messages: "You'll have to take care of those Australian women for me. There ain't no gals on this piece of coral."

Pvt. Bernard Clarke lived in Baltimore, Md., before his Army days and now is a jeep driver at a base deep in the South Pacific. He asks his brother Charles, a member of an anti-tank outfit deep in the heart of you-know-what, to "bend your elbow a few times for me and write, you lug." Bernie says, he has enough suntan to last a lifetime.

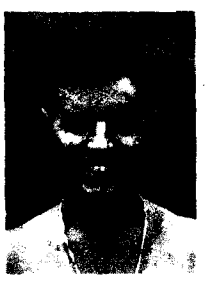
Pvt. Fred Jenkins feels at home in his job as truck driver for a quartermaster outfit in New Guinea. Reason: he was a truck driver back in Wharton, Tex., before Uncle Sam beckoned. To his brother George, training in Texas, he shoots this reminder: "I'm getting along fine but write me because I haven't had letter from you since you got in the Army."

Cadet Edward Hahn, a merchant seaman who commutes regularly between Africa and the U. S. on Army transport ships, wants to make a date with Lt. Jerry Fobes, on duty with a Coast Artillery outfit in North Africa, and sends him this message: "I was sorry I missed you on my last trip, Jerry. Let's try and get together next time."



Cpl. Mick Mitchell of the RAF was recently imported from England to teach fighter control tactics to the Canadians. Spending his leave in the U. S. he reports on conditions on this side to his girl in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, Geordie Vallans, as follows: "The beer is too cold in the United States. Otherwise having a good time here."

A/C Harry Katz was transferred from Indiantown Gap, Pa., to Kelly Field at San Antonio, Tex., to train as a navigator. In pre-Army days, he was a Spanish translator in New York City. His message to Pvt. Nat Hochman in Great Britain: "Arthur made second looey. I hope that I will be one of the navigators who will help clear the way for you."



T/3 Si Wachsberger, Cleveland, Ohio, used to work for the Mansfield (Ohio) *News-Journal.* Now he's chief clerk of a medical unit in New Guinea. He sends a message to Pfcs. Fred Weintritt and Bob West who were transferred to another medical outfit: "The boys would like to find out how you are and what you are doing. Drop us a line soon."

Pvt. Andrew Miles, now in the Quartermaster Corps at Mitchel Field, N. Y., hails from New Orleans and was formerly a high school football coach. To Pvt. Louis Fourchia and T/Sgt. George Mohr, in the Pacific, he writes: "The Army is fine. The twins are married and will live in Cleveland. I was married to Jessie three days before I went in the Army."

Pvt. Cliff Kime, a member of Co. D, Academic Regt., Tank Destroyer Command, Camp Hood, Tex., is anxious to get in touch with **Lt. Robert Mattison,** believed to be in England with a Quartermaster outfit in the Air Forces. . . . **Cpl. John Purchio,** Unassigned Pool, AAFBFS, Minter Field, Bakersfield, Calif., is anxious to hear from his brother, **James,** believed to be in Hawaii but hasn't written since July. He wishes him a happy birthday and says there are packages on the way. . . . **M/Sgt. Lou Wilson,** 13th Comm. Sq. AAF, c/o Postmaster, Miami, Fla., wants to hear from anyone who remembers him, especially **Ralph Fike, Lawrence Funderburg, Paul Link, Brad Scheer, Norris Gilstrap, Stan Mokyrzicki, Ray Centollela, James W. Twitty, Roy Davis, Bill Stull, Gaines Wicker, Shorty Preheim, McGarrihan, Charles Oglesby and Maj. "Tiger" Teague** . . . **1st. Sgt. M. Beckerman,** Co. Y, 3rd ESR, went to school with **Gus Pashkoff, S1c,** lost track of him for two years, then saw his picture in YANK, "Words Across the Sea," Jan. 6. **Pashkoff** please write to Beckerman. . . . It is urgent that **Charles Gaines,** once with 19th Engineers Corps, Co. E, Fort Ord, Calif., get in touch with his sister at 1628 E. Haskell, Tulsa, Okla. He should also write to **Pfc. Q. R. Langston,** 11th Fighter Sqdn., APO 948, c/o PM, Seattle, Wash. . . . **Pvt. George Otis,** Co. C, 821st Eng. Bn, APO 913, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from his ex-room mate, **Jimmy Carrol,** who was stationed with a cavalry outfit in the U. S. the last time Otis heard from him. . . . **M/Sgt. Carl E. Bannon,** Hq., 46th Engineers, APO 929, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif., is trying to track down **Jack Linn** of Providence, R. I., who three years ago was a member of Co. I, 13th Inf., Fort Devens, Mass. Anyone knowing his whereabout please notify Bannon. . . . **Tommy W. Prather, PhM2c,** get in touch with **S/Sgt. James P. Kane,** 457th BFTS, Shaw Field, S. C. Kane has lost your address. . . . **Hank McCurry,** Alaska; **Pfc. Mel Meehleis,** somewhere in the Pacific, and all members of the Alpha Omega Fraternity, Los Angeles, who are in the service, write to **Pfc. Jim Lester,** Hdqs. FRTC, Fort Harrison, Ind.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS FROM HOME

Skimming the Week on the Home Front

America's greatest airplane tragedy last week took the lives of 35 persons, 16 of them civilians, when a giant transport plane crashed in the jungles of Dutch Guiana. The plane, a commercial carrier leased to the Army Air Transport Command, was operated by a civilian crew. Among the dead were Maj. Eric Knight, British-born author of the best-seller, "This Above All"; William Hodson, New York City commissioner of welfare; P. E. Foxworth, FBI agent in New York who directed the spy round-ups, and Capt. Basil D. (Red) Gallagher, former New York newspaperman and member of the staff of YANK.

Striking Pennsylvania anthracite coal miners returned to their jobs after President Roosevelt told them sharply that unless they went back to work, "your government will take the necessary steps to protect the security of the nation against a strike which is doing serious injury to the war effort." Still unsettled were the miners' protests against the increase in dues of 50 cents a month levied by John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers.

In Washington, Senate hearings on Edward J. Flynn's qualifications to be minister to Australia were concluded. New York's Mayor F. H. LaGuardia appeared as the final witness, but declined to testify on the former Democratic national chairman's diplomatic fitness because of his own long political battle with Flynn.

The Democratic National Committee elected Postmaster General Frank C. Walker its chairman to succeed Flynn.

Immune

Chicago—This note was left on a slot machine in a local beer parlor:

"In case of an air raid, stand next to this machine. No one has ever hit it."

Princess Juliana, heir to the Dutch throne, gave birth to her third daughter, Margriet Francisca, at Ottawa. Canadian authorities granted the Princess' hospital room extraterritorial rights, so the royal child might be born in technically Dutch territory.

Alexander Woollcott, 56-year-old author, critic, amateur detective and actor, died in New York. While broadcasting with four author-colleagues, he handed one of them a note: "I'm feeling sick." He collapsed and was quietly carried from the studio. The "town crier" died a few hours later of a heart attack.

In Los Angeles, Madge Bellamy, former stage and screen actress, invaded an aristocratic Nob Hill night club to shoot at A. Stanwood Murphy. She said Murphy, a lumber millionaire, promised to marry her a year ago, and instead married June Dibble, once a Paris mannikin. Murphy suffered no injuries.

Sir Thomas Beecham, once conductor of the London Philharmonic, was awarded a divorce at Boise, Idaho, after a 34-year separation from his wife. Gene Krupa, band leader, was charged in San Francisco with sending his 17-year-old valet to his hotel room to procure marijuana cigarettes. In New York, Pvt. Michael Neely Bryan, former big-time guitarist whose escape from a Miami Beach guardhouse was aided by novelist Ursula Parrott, was indicted for evading the New York state marijuana tax law.

Newlyweds Ginger Rogers and Pvt. Jack Briggs, USMC.

Prof. Winford Lee Lewis, first World War colonel and inventor of Lewisite gas, died at Evanston, Ill.

Freddie Bartholomew, 18, was inducted into the Army Air Force.

NEWS BY STATES

ALABAMA

To aid traveling salesmen the Birmingham Salesmen's Club has asked hotels to post blackboards in lobbies where members may register their transportation needs or surplus space. Birmingham has ruled out liquor sales between midnight and 6 A. M. weekdays, and between midnight Saturday and 6 A. M. Monday. Improvements costing $320,000 will be made at the Terminal Station yards in Birmingham. W. P. Morrow, 72, former division passenger agent of the L. and N. Railroad, died at Birmingham. The stewards of Ensley Highlands Methodist Church, Birmingham, protested the use of "hell" and "damn" in war stories.

ARKANSAS

At Springdale, Tuck Bishop, 45, killed four men in front of a cafe; he explained to state police he was defending his wife's honor, was charged with murder; his victims: Lyle Carter, Paul Phillips, Harold Bell and Lyle Graham. The state racing commission overrode Gov. Adkins' objections, approved a 30-day race meet at Hot Springs. State religious and temperance groups formed an organization to seek prohibition of horse and dog racing. At Hot Springs, James Birmingham, 42, killed his wife and mother-in-law, wounded three children, then slashed his own throat severely. Harry A. Barnes, war plant worker, was crushed to death at Texarkana when a car he was repairing slipped off a jack. Little Rock deaths: Earl Harrison, civic leader; Saul S. Harris, pioneer movie theater manager.

CALIFORNIA

Twelve youthful members of a "zoot suit" gang were convicted of murder in Los Angeles, and 10 others of lesser crimes. At Oakland, Mrs. Lorraine Aldinger committed suicide; she was grief-stricken over the death of one of her infant triplets a month ago when she dropped the child. The Rev. William J. Byers said at a funeral in San Jose no one knew who would die next; died a few moments later of a heart attack. The body of Helmuth Seefeldt, 68, rancher and close friend of Jack London, was taken to San Francisco for an autopsy after it was found in an improvised grave; his ranch foreman was held. California deaths: John McLaren, 96, creator of Golden Gate Park, at San Francisco; Artist Xavier Martin, at Carmel

DELAWARE

The House approved a bill levying a tax of one cent on every 10 cigarettes to bolster state revenues. Dr. John A. Casey of Wilmington was named president of the Delaware State Dental Society. The Rehoboth Beach Chamber of Commerce launched a movement to restore train service to the resort because of the gas shortage. Wilmington schools closed for 10 days to conserve fuel, the vacation replacing the traditional Easter lay-off. Wilmington's Mayor James was recovering after an operation.

GEORGIA

The legislature cut its organization session to five days. Five thousand delegates attended the AFL's Southern War Labor Conference in Atlanta to improve war production in the South. Records disclosed ex-Gov. Talmadge issued 2,941 pardons in two years. Mark Pulliam went on trial at Dalton, charged with murdering his wife and five of their children by burning the family home. W. F. Houser, vice president of the Joseph N. Neel Clothing Co. at Macon, died. Columbus Roberts of Muscogee County gave $100,000 to Mercer University.

IDAHO

Mrs. Elmer Perry of Boise was killed when her car plunged over a 75-foot embankment near Division dam on the Idaho City Road. C. Van Clark was re-appointed warden of the state penitentiary for two more years. Dr. James V. Foley died at Pocatello. Operators of the Buffalo Club and the Chico Club in Boise were charged with selling intoxicating liquor. At Vale, John L. Caldwell Jr. was sworn in as mayor.

ILLINOIS

Illinois license plates this year are made of plastic impregnated fiber. Mrs. Anne Tyrrell Lussier, 29, an expectant mother, was sentenced to one year at Waukegan for abducting four-months-old Gary Botsford for 25 hours before returning him to his parents. Salem couldn't find anyone to run for part-time mayor; running the oil-boom town has developed into a full-time job. At Minonk died 110-year-old Mrs. Bernard Kelly, known as "Aunt Ann." Work began at Norris City on an eastward stretch of a pipeline to bring oil from Texas to New Jersey. Thieves stole scarce copper and brass fittings from the Quincy ice plant. A $500,000 fire swept the Pascal Hotel at Peoria, injuring six guests.

INDIANA

Twenty-four Indianapolis firemen ate meat loaf made with horse meat, and liked it. The late Frank C. Hazelrigg, Indianapolis drug manufacturer, left $40,000 to the Indiana Masonic Home and the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial. Donald C. O'Brien, Indianapolis, was killed in a car wreck. Miss Estelle P. Izor, 74, head of the art department of the Indianapolis Manual Training High School, died. A petition signed by 4,000 asked Mayor Tyndall of Indianapolis to have the canal drained in the search for 9-year-old Harry Metz Jr., missing six weeks. Arthur L. Colbert of Washington was named Corn King, and 17-year-old Clarence Arnold Corn Prince at the Indiana Farm Growers Association banquet at Purdue University, Lafayette. John T. Ratcliff of Russiaville, who in his youth helped slaves escape via the underground, was 100. At Waynetown, Clarence Sennett was killed when his clothing caught in the shaft of a corn shredder. The Kerlin Hotel at Sullivan was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Barnes. Indianapolis observed the anniversary of the death of Carole Lombard by announcing the state is leading the nation in War Bond sales.

IOWA

At Des Moines, Gov. Hickenlooper advocated reduction of the state income tax, no new state taxes. At Cherokee, Robert Perrin, 34, killed his mother, wounded his father and himself. At Iowa City, Randall Chris Hansen, S. U. I. senior of Davenport, and Darlene DeMuelenaere, Brooklyn (Iowa) nurse, died of carbon monoxide poisoning in a tourist cabin. H. C. Hansen, Charles City creamery man, shipped butter east by air express at a cost of $1 a pound. Robert H. Williams, 38, arrested in Des Moines, said he'd been married five times and divorced only once; one marriage followed another by 12 days, he said, and he couldn't remember his third wife's name.

LOUISIANA

The OPA set a retail ceiling price of 14 cents a quart on milk in Louisiana cities; independent grocers hollered murder. The ODT forbade New Orleans cab men to make trips to the race track or night clubs. Slot machines have been replaced in New Orleans by mint vending machines, which occasionally dispense cash instead of confections. Ex-convicts Hector Vicknair and Wilbert Bergeron of New Orleans, in city jail after an alleged three-state banditry binge, escaped during a practice blackout. The state board of education at Baton Rouge ordered military education in all public high schools.

MAINE

Quoddy Village, National Youth Administration training center, admitted girls for war industry training. The Rev. James F. McElroy, rector of the St. Mary's and St. Jude's parishes in Northeast Harbor, resigned to go to Grand Ile, Mich. Dead at Gardiner: Mrs. Laura E. Richards, 92, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

MARYLAND

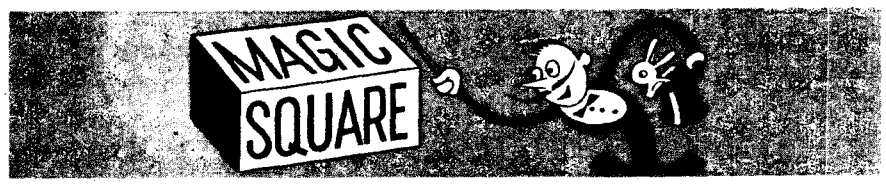
The spring opera season at the Lyric in Baltimore was cancelled; 3,000 persons traveled by bus and street car to hear the Baltimore Symphony and Lily Pons. In western Maryland, the Cumberland Country Club was closed. A cat named Herman was given a Coast Guard permit to roam the Baltimore waterfront, his occupation listed as "expert mouser." A bridge across Baltimore harbor was approved by federal officials as a post-war project. Mayor Jackson of Baltimore said he wouldn't want to die now—the ban on "pleasure driving" would keep too many people away from his funeral. At Snow Hill, Russell Mitchell, 30, was charged with criminally assaulting a 9-year-old-girl.

MASSACHUSETTS

At Boston, 22 men and two women were arrested in raids on what state police termed a $90,000,000 numbers pool and horse race betting ring; among other things they face federal penalties for failing to pay an aggregate $1,500,000 in income tax. Most roadside hot spots in the state have closed for the duration, victims of the ban on pleasure driving. Provincetown cancelled its annual Fishermen's Ball. Mayor James P. Meehan of Lawrence revived the plan to have the city annex Methuen. Stevens and Dow, Haverhill's oldest drug store, closed. Fire at the Palmer and Parker Lumber Co. warehouse caused $500,000 damage in Boston. Earthquake tremors were felt at Wakefield, Cambridge and West Roxbury. At Boston, Cardinal O'Connell ruled that Catholic couples may marry only after notifying their pastors a month before the ceremony. Mrs. Laura Stevens was burned to death at Lynn. Springfield theaters enforced a ban against patrons under 16 to prevent the spread of a scarlet fever epidemic.

MISSISSIPPI

At Jackson, George S. Noble, law partner of former Gov. Mike Conner, became city judge, succeeding Leon Hendrick, resigned. Sam L. Godwin began his second term as mayor of Blue Mountain. Five men, one an officer, were indicted by a federal grand jury at Jackson in connection with the lynching at Laurel in December. Five



2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

Recently we told you how to form a 3-by-3 Magic Square where all the numbers from 1 to 9 have been arranged so that each row—horizontal, vertical, or diagonal—adds up to 15. We're letting you take another gander at it here.

We pointed out that this is supposed to be a Good Luck token. For the fellow who's bucking for Right Guide, we are pleased to announce a special jumbo-size Magic Square. He'll need it!

It's a 4-by-4 square, using all the numbers from 1 to 16. These can be arranged so that each row—horizontal, vertical, or diagonal—adds up to 34. We are giving you a head start [see square at right]. Now see how long it takes you to figure out the rest of the combination. Par: 20 minutes. *(Solution on page 22.)*

1			
		7	
			5
	3		

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peggy's Life and Loves Bared in Errol Flynn Trial

HOLLYWOOD—Peggy Larue Satterlee, 16, the second alleged under-age bedroom companion of Errol Flynn, testified in the screen actor's trial for statutory rape that his pet names for her were "J. B." and "S. Q. Q."

She identified the terms as "jail bait" and "San Quentin quail," and said she reminded Flynn when he entered her cabin on the second night of a cruise aboard his yacht that she was "J. B." Flynn, she said, replied that he was willing to take his chances.

A woman physician, who said she examined Miss Satterlee the day after she returned from the yacht trip with the specialist in he-man roles, testified that the Satterlee girl apparently had been a "good girl" until she went yachting with Flynn. But the pretty young brunette admitted an illegal operation sometime during the past 14 months. She refused to name the man involved, and asked that he be not prosecuted.

Attorneys for Flynn elicited from Miss Satterlee another pet name—this one applied by a man identified as Capt. Cathcart-Jones, formerly of the RCAF. "He called me his strumpet," she said. "I think she means crumpet," the prosecutor intervened. "No," Miss Satterlee insisted, "I mean strumpet. It's some kind of English muffin." Cathcart-Jones later testified the word was "scruppet," English for ragamuffin.

Flynn first possessed her, Peggy said, after he opened her cabin door which, she said, she had "forgotten to lock."

"Didn't you resist?" Flynn's attorney asked.

"No," she replied, "I was too scared and too embarrassed. I didn't fight or anything. I just told him he shouldn't. Maybe I pushed him a little."

The second engagement took place, Miss Satterlee said, after she remarked the next night on deck on the beauty of the moon. Flynn, she related, told her it would look better from a porthole, and then took her to his cabin.

Miss Elaine Forbes, a jury member, was released after affidavits were presented charging her with prejudice against Flynn. Another woman juror, Mrs. Lorene Boehm, was allowed to remain, although affidavits charged she had said, "I'm for Flynn in a big way."

The first complaining witness was 17-year-old Betty Hansen, who said Flynn had an intimacy with her at a house party.

Jackson theater managers faced trial on charges of violating Sunday blue laws. Gov. Johnson received a bill for storage on an automobile from a Memphis hotel; his car wasn't in Memphis at the time, he said, but one of his No. 1 license plates was stolen.

MISSOURI

Miss Margaret Cobb, budget director, resigned when Gov. Donnell left appropriation matters to legislature. Three families living in the Vandeventer place, home of St. Louis millionaires a generation ago, went in for backyard chicken, goat and vegetable raising. The town of Henderson in the Ozarks was wiped off the map to make way for the Norfolk dam. James P. Watts panhandled a man for a cup of coffee in St. Louis; the man was an FBI agent seeking Watts on a draft evasion charge.

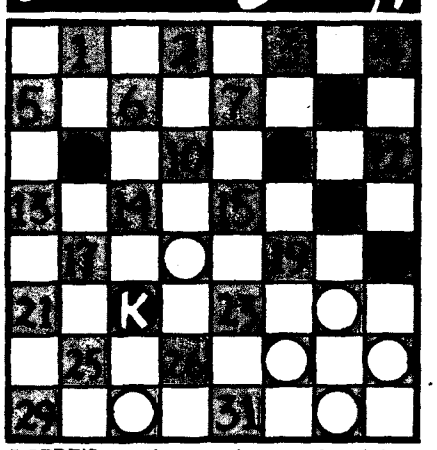
MONTANA

Red light districts throughout Montana are closed after Army conferences with city and county law enforcement officials. Montana copper workers were given a $1-a-day pay increase. Butte's new overhead snow shovel makes quick work of snow removal. The Rev. Thomas Ashworth, pastor of the St. John Episcopal Church at Butte, dedicated a window as a memorial to his son, Naval Lt. Thomas Jr.

NEBRASKA

Gov. Griswold handed the legislature a budget calling for a $6,000,000 reduction in expenditures in the next two years. Senator George Norris returned to his old home at McCook. Nebraskans gawked as a glider train flew overhead, bound for Denver. The legislature is considering another bill to permit women on juries in Nebraska.

Checkerboard Strategy



HERE'S another good example of how apparent defeat may be turned to victory on the checkerboard.

You'll admit that Red seems to be in a bad way. Not only does the Red piece on square 18 seem doomed, but even after that it doesn't look as if Red could put up any sort of resistance.

But, strangely enough, the terms of this problem in Checker Strategy are:

RED TO MOVE AND WIN!

It can be done. If Red makes the correct moves, Black cannot avoid losing.

The solution appears on page 22. Before looking at it, number the playing squares on your board from 1 to 32 in order as shown above. This will enable you to follow the solution move by move.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Edward J. Lagasse, tax collector in Berlin, was charged with embezzling $2,800 city funds. George Heath, 50, Rochester truck driver, was rescued from beneath a 10-ton coal pile. At Bartlett, Carleton Day, 23, burned to death and his mother died of heart attack. A two-year moratorium on mortgages and liens on recreational properties was proposed at Concord.

NEW MEXICO

Gordon N. Winter, former road superintendent at Albuquerque, pleaded innocent to charges of embezzlement, forgery and pay-roll padding. The Albuquerque High School began its new semester with 15 war courses. Joe Ruvolo was named chairman of the Albuquerque Red Cross War Fund drive. Gov. Dempsey asked the 16th Arizona legislature to levy a small tobacco tax, advocated primary election law changes.

NEW YORK

Milton Gurvitz, former principal accused of burning the Sanborn school, was sentenced at Buffalo to serve five years for mailing threatening letters to three school trustees. Haircuts went up to 75 cents, shaves to 40 cents, in Buffalo. Buffalo police didn't press charges against a three-year-old caught turning in a fire alarm. Marvin Germain, Depew attorney, was disbarred for accepting a bribe while a Selective Service appeals agent. Ben Grogan, serving 32 years in Sing Sing, was acquitted in a New York court of a "perfect crime"—a murder with a rolled-up newspaper; he said he'd confessed to free another convict. Samuel Nuzzo, former Newburgh union official, was sentenced to 10 to 20 years for robbing his union's treasury.

NORTH CAROLINA

Rep. McDougle of Mecklenburg County proposed a bill in legislature providing severe penalties for drunkenness. Carl E. Holland, Hamlet, became sheriff of Richmond County, succeeding W. D. Ormsby, who was killed in auto wreck. J. Walter Broom, first sentenced to die for killing his daughter, Mrs. Eula Harkey, and Mrs. Ruby Middlebrook at Charlotte, was given a life sentence in a re-trial. Alderman John Robert Sams became mayor of Kinston, succeeding William F. Stanley, who resigned. Gov. Broughton proposed that the state invest $20,000,000 from the General Fund surplus in Federal and State bonds to set up a postwar reserve fund. J. R. Jarnigan, advertising director of the Carolina Power and Light Company, was killed by a taxi in Raleigh. At Durham, Robert W. Edwards was burned to death when flames trapped him in his home, and in another fire, Mrs. Vera Poole was critically burned.

OHIO

City Manager Sherrill of Cincinnati led a delegation to Washington to persuade the War Production Board to rescind an order to stop work on the Cincinnati flood prevention projects; they succeeded. After 75 years of continuous packet-boat service up the Ohio, the Green Line steamers suspended upriver service for the duration. Cincinnati births increased 11,857 in 1942. Mrs. Norman Bel Geddes, wife of the famous New York designer, died at her Cincinnati home. Police at Columbus searched for Mrs. Norma Bates Fowler, whose husband's battered body was found in a chest he'd given her Christmas.

OKLAHOMA

Five persons were killed in Tulsa when a Frisco passenger train struck their car at a crossing: Mrs. Thelma Page, Miss Alfred Gann, Clarence A. Weber, A. L. Harris, and Thomas A. Hill. At Tulsa, Mrs. Clara Stewart and her daughter, Mrs. Jack Green, were assaulted and then hacked to death in their apartment in the downtown section. Students at the University of Oklahoma at Norman criticized the faculty for taking over control of the *Oklahoma Daily*, student publication. State attorneys will appeal from a decision holding legal transportation of liquor to Fort Sill. The Kerlyn Oil Company brought in a well in Tillman County, reporting a flow of 30 barrels a day, and Edward J. Kubat brought in another in McClain County with a drill stem test flow of 30 barrels in 21 minutes. Mrs. Mary Catharine Eckroat, 79, pioneer Oklahoma City resident, died.

PENNSYLVANIA

At Pittsburgh, a motorman, Herbert R. Frazier, was burned to death and 24 persons were injured when two trolleys crashed in a heavy fog. Conshohocken police arrested a janitor, charged him with six fires in 30 hours at the rectory of St. Mary's Catholic Church; in 30 minutes, another fire broke out. Maj. Gen. Edward Martin was inaugurated governor at Harrisburg, said "we must not permit the millions of soldiers to become another lost generation." Hens in the Pittsburgh area took the war effort seriously, produced so many eggs wholesale prices dropped 2 to 5 cents a dozen. Fatherly-looking George W. Place, 67, was arrested in Philadelphia by Secret Service agents who called him the cleverest counterfeiter at large. Pittsburgh Safety Director Fairley ordered pants for strip-teasers.

RHODE ISLAND

The legislature passed a bill giving Gov. McGrath emergency war powers, and he immediately cut Rhode Island schools to a four-day week to conserve fuel; a five-day week for non-dwelling users of fuel oil (except war plants) will follow. Dr. John L. Alger, president emeritus of Rhode Island College of Education, died at Providence. Louis E. Holden, Barrington High School principal, was charged with assault for whipping Carlo Palumdo Jr., 13. A federal grand jury indicted three officials of the Pawtucket plant of the Anaconda Wire and Copper Co. for conspiracy to defraud the government by delivering shoddy products. An earthquake rocked Rhode Island gently. The House of Representatives asked the New Haven Railroad to resume passenger service on its Providence, Bristol and Willimantic lines. Providence police sought the murderer who placed a pillow beneath the head of Mrs. Angela Smith after mangling her body.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Olin D. Johnston of Spartanburg succeeded R. M. Jefferies of Walterboro as South Carolina's governor. Frank Brazell, 16, of Kershaw County, died after being bitten by a hydrophobic fox, and at Cheraw, a mad cat, apparently bitten by a rabid fox, attacked two children. Sen. "Cotton Ed" Smith was injured in an accident at his home at Lynchburg. Fire destroyed the Pelham Mills plant, 10 miles east of Greenville. Fire caused damage estimated at $100,000 in Sumter.

TENNESSEE

Gov. Cooper announced full support for poll tax repeal bills pending before the legislature in Nashville. Sheriff Charles W. Conlin of Warren County and a Camp Forrest MP were injured in a gun battle in McMinnville with Pvt. John Roy Walker, Warren County soldier. Supporters of Mayor Cummings of Nashville bitterly fought a bill in the legislature to reduce the mayor's power, vesting it in city commissioners.

TEXAS

The Phoenix Furniture Co. at Houston and several nearby stores were destroyed in a $1,000,000 downtown blaze. Gov. Coke Stevenson and Lt. Gov. John Lee Smith were sworn in at Austin. At Pharr, Politte Elvins, ex-congressman from Missouri, was killed by a hit-and-run driver. R. A. Powell was named president of the Montgomery County Bar Association at Conroe. Shipbuilder George R. Brown was elected trustee of Rice Institute. Pay of Texas legislators who are in the armed services was held up pending a Supreme Court ruling on whether they quit their posts when they joined the Army. In Houston, Max M. Huber drove Mrs. Bronstad Nelson to a hospital where her son's body, crushed by a hit-and-run driver, had been taken; three days later Huber was arrested as the driver of the car. Bert Gray, president of the Houston Electric Co., died.

VIRGINIA

Virginia liquor store stocks contained only expensive whiskies, as some form of liquor rationing was awaited. Richmond's traffic deaths dropped from 30 in 1941 to 21 in 1942, but last year's murder record showed 44 murders in the city—seven times the national murder rate. Most of Richmond's stop-and-go lights are to be turned off; there isn't enough traffic to justify them. Trustees of Stratford, ancestral home of the Lees, plan to convert it into a plantation for the duration. A $50,000 fire destroyed the Martin Furniture Storage Co. building. Richmond cigarette factories turned out 87 billion fags last year. The Richmond Police Department's Car No. 35 was back in service after being stolen for a week.

WASHINGTON

The 28th legislature opened its session at Olympia, and Sen. A. E. Edwards, of Whatcom County, introduced a bill for a state bonus for servicemen, probably equaling $1 for every day of service, to be presented when the men come back. Rodney Gwinn, 24, was sentenced to 15 years in Monroe Reformatory for robbing a department store. E. B. (Jerry) Clark, field representative of the Mantle Club, was indicted on charges that he used the mails to defraud in obtaining loans from club members. A tree crashed into a cabin at Twin Creeks, killing a baby.

WEST VIRGINIA

Gov. Neely asked the legislature's opening session at Huntington to grant him sweeping war-time emergency powers. President J. D. Williams of Marshall College told an audience in Huntington that the college cannot continue to operate on its present scale without a larger budget. Mrs. Ruth Hite, of Huntington, went on trial for false swearing in connection with the escape of her son, Ralph Hite, from the Body County jail.

★ GENERAL MIXUP ★

Ten Allied fighters and statesmen are listed below. Their names are there, but the letters are slightly mixed up. Can you re-arrange the letters in the proper order?

Example: TRENCH SIZE TIM re-arranged is CHESTER NIMITZ.

In some cases, the way in which the letters are scrambled may give you a small hint of who they are.

After you've done all 10, read the challenge below.

1. INVEST OR LEARN, FOLK .....
2. I'LL MEET SAD TOJO .....
3. AHA, HE'S KICKING .....
4. ROMMY BEND GARTER, NO? .....
5. JOINS THE PALS .....
6. GO, OPEN TARGET .....
7. SH, I'LL CRUNCH TO WIN .....
8. I SHOOT MEN MONKEYS .....
9. GUARD SOUTH C ALARM .....
10. HOW WISE, RIGHT NEED .....

(Solution on page 22.)

CHALLENGE: Now that you've got the idea, how about *you* taking the name of some famous personality and making your own puzzle. Try to work out a good descriptive phrase.

Send it to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. We'll publish the three best, with names of the senders, and send each winner one of YANK'S swell Puzzle Kits. Suggestion: If you want to kick around the name of one of our enemies, OK.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pvt. Peter Fleming, of Detroit, Mich., takes it easy before going on guard. He's dressed and ready for jungle fighting, with a tommy gun, camouflaged fatigues and a helmet covered with green burlap.

Yank artillerymen are trained to hug ground in defending their gun against Jap infiltration. To meet Jap jungle fighters, these gunners were given infantry training in Australia before they left for battle front.

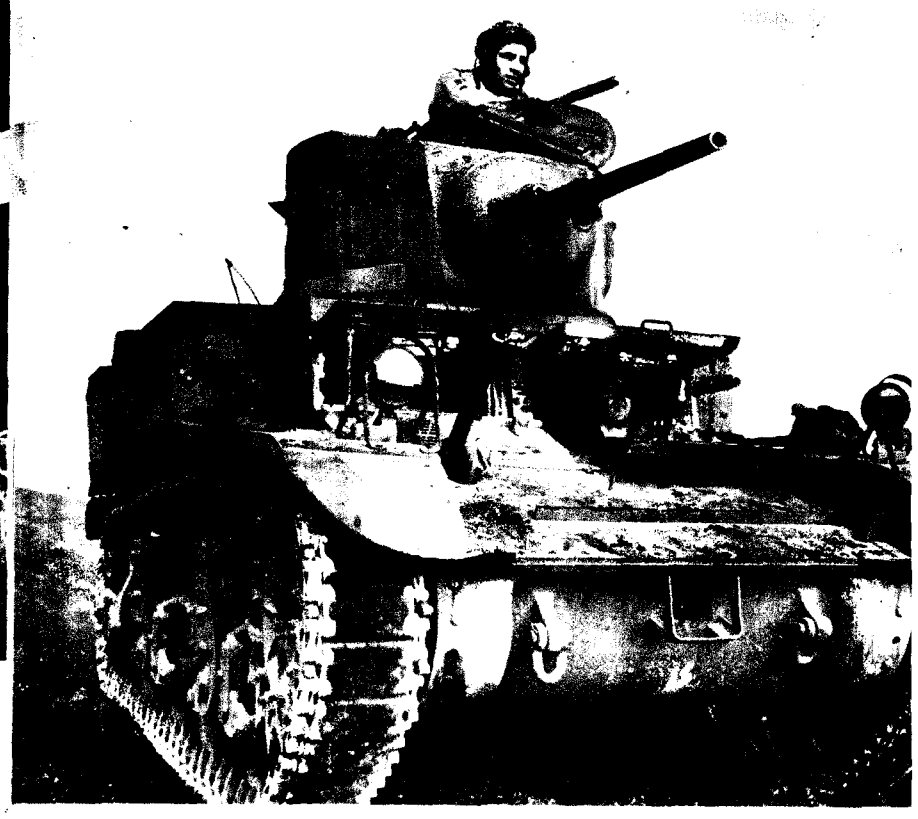
It's a family squad. Pop, Sgt. Archie Vanskike, 44, of Galveston, Tex., puts his sons, Pvts. Louis, Clarence, and Archie (l. to r.) through paces.

Sgt. C. Halper and Sgt. J. Reichmuth, of San Francisco, point with pride at a mural in a Red Cross Service Club of their own Golden Gate Bridge.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These mule packers are versatile. The boast is that "they know how to load and shoot every kind of gun available, and how to identify planes." Here, they've set up machine gun in Hawaii hill country.

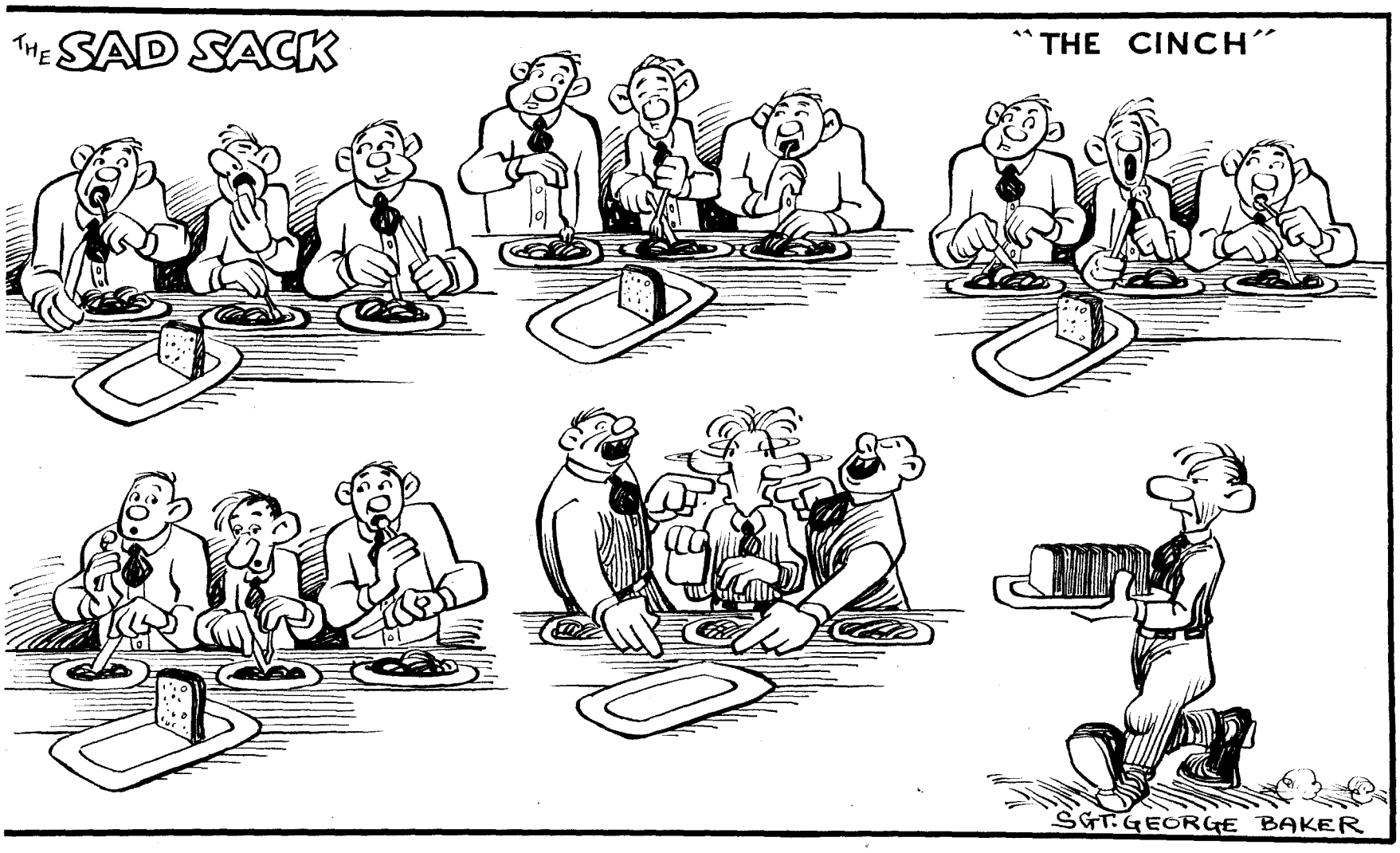
Pfc. Ray Miller, of Hamden, N. Y., walks a narrow wall on his post overlooking the wide Pacific. When you are relieved from guard duty there you will know quite a bit about "the ramparts we watch."



Lt. John Midzor, commander of this light tank, looks over the terrain before tapping the go signal on the shoulder of the driver, S/Sgt. Raymond Pippin, who was formerly a truck driver from Forsythe, Ga.

This barren ground is good terrain on which to maneuver tanks: anyone directing operations can see results clearly. Here, the photographer got eight light tanks beginning a new kind of "desert" maneuver in Hawaii. The "forward" command was radioed from almost a mile away.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



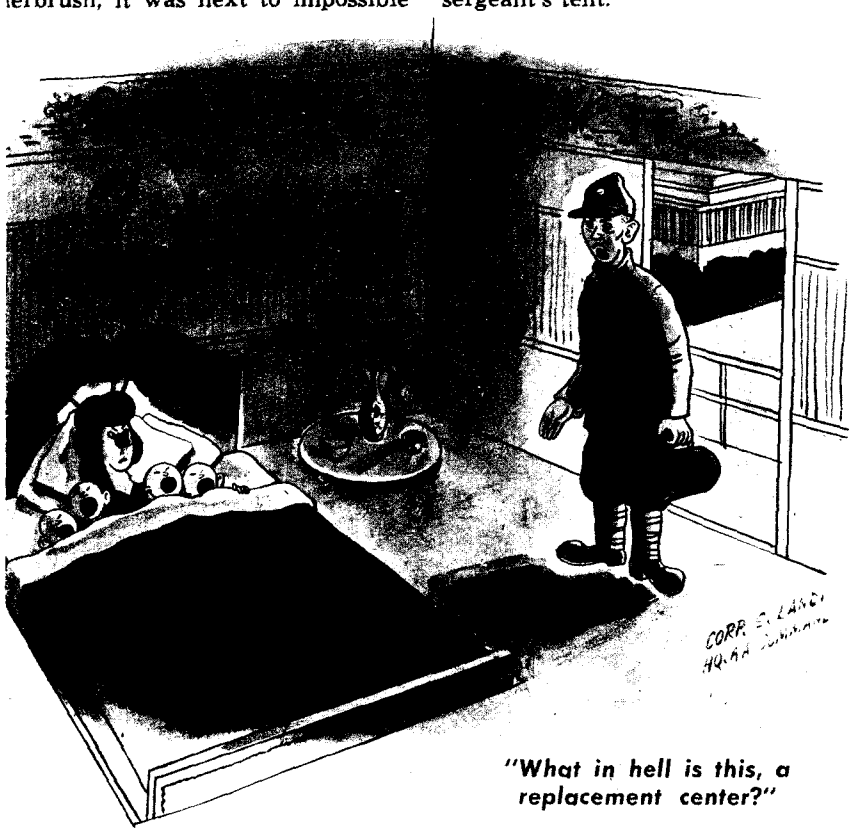
BETWEEN the LINES

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG TAG

A close friend of mine we will call Cpl. Joe Doakes is on duty "somewhere in Africa" and all he can write about it is that there are some pretty large and not too dumb monkeys in the vicinity. Doakes not only claims that first sergeants in the area are at last meeting serious competition, but forwards the following story to prove it:

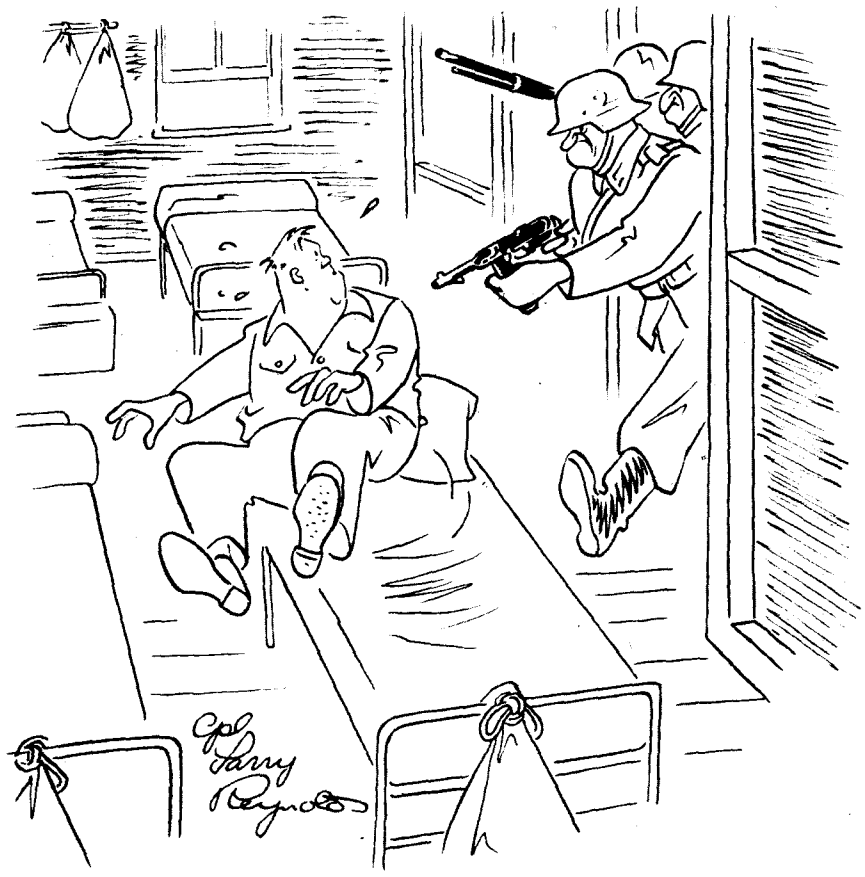
While out on patrol duty in the jungle, Joe, who is a pretty bright guy with an AGCT of 123 and waiting to be sent back on the next boat for OCS, lost his dog tags. Since the party was cutting through thick underbrush, it was next to impossible to find them, so he gave them up for lost. The patrol was out for the next two weeks, so Joe was only able to pick up the rest of the story when he got back to base camp.

About one week after he lost his tags, one of the more intelligent chimpanzees got tired of gibbering in the treetops and, descending to terra firma, was attracted by the metal object on a cord, and promptly hung it around its neck. The next night, wandering around the camp area foraging for G.I. food (don't those monkeys know any better?), the chimp somehow got into the first sergeant's tent.



"What in hell is this, a replacement center?"

PVT. MULLIGAN — by Cpl. Larry Reynolds



"Cripes, you startled me! I thought you was th' foist!"

"Yes, Doakes, howja get back so soon?" asked the first sergeant. The ape muttered something rudely under its breath, having at one time learned to speak in the laboratory at Yale. (Before the Army used its facilities, Yale used to be full of monkeys, for experiments and students.)

"Zatso Doakes?" muttered the first sergeant rudely under its breath. "Lessee dogtag selected goschool boat leavesoon." The ape, not to be outdone, flashed the tags, and the first sergeant, true to form, copied the serial number and other pertinent information such as blood type. Before long, the ape was put on ship with other bright young hopefuls from the jungle, to go across the big water.

This is as much as Joe heard, but presumably by now the ape is well on its way through officer candidate school, scooping in plaudits in calisthenics and drill. Incidentally, Joe never got his dog tags back either, but is keeping an eye peeled for all second leftenants appearing in jungleland.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —Sgt. R. WRONKER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNOUNCING . . .

The Winners of YANK's Super Contest

Actual size of Pvt. Lloyd's left shoe.

THIS week YANK contradicts Classification's libelous claim that dogfaces look alike, weigh less than 400 pounds, and fit into standard-sized uniforms. Without help, except from the handful of men who compose the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, the Army Weekly set out bravely two months ago to round up the guys who represented the extremes in our fighting forces. The soldier, sailor or marine who turned in the names in each class has been awarded one year's subscription to YANK, as were the winning men themselves.

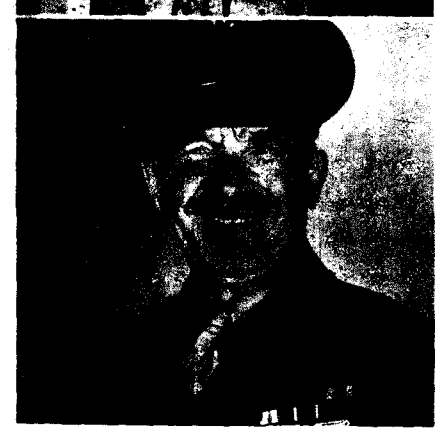
YOUNGEST MASTER SERGEANT—M/Sgt. Billy T. Hutson of Camp Roberts, Calif., wins the olive drab rattle as the youngest of his breed in the Army. He is 19 years old and was promoted to the highest enlisted man's rank on Nov. 1, 1942. Although most six stripers are well in their 40s, long in the tooth, and have sons old enough to be first lieutenants, Hutson was a master sergeant before reaching the age of consent. He was born June 7, 1923, in the little town of Clinton, Tenn. He was nominated by Sgt. Gene Gear, PRO, Camp Roberts, Calif.

HEAVIEST MAN—The greatest collection of avoirdupois ever gathered in one uniform—S/Sgt. August Stackwell who weighs 407 pounds. Survey his proportions and you will realize why Henry J. Kaiser is building cargo planes. Friends at the Air Base Squadron, March Field, Calif., where the sergeant is stationed, say he wears Ringling Bros.' big top for coveralls. Prizes go to Pvt. Bruno Vothus, 991 TSS Flight D, Atlantic City, N. J., who first saw Stackwell's picture in a magazine and sent it to YANK; and also to M/Sgt. J. W. Purcell, 14th Air Base Squadron, Maxwell Field, Ala., who knows Sgt. Stackwell.

LONGEST SERVICE — Here's the Army's oldest issue, 74-year-old S/Sgt. John W. Westervelt, tops in the hash mark division with 43 years of Army service. He is shown saluting Col. Ralph E. Spake, his commanding officer. He enlisted in the First New York Infantry in 1895 and from that day on has seen the Army slowly going to hell. Still going strong, he's the oldest noncommissioned officer on active duty, plans a double row of hash marks next year. He's with the California Group of the Ferry Division, Air Transport Command, Long Beach, Calif. He was nominated by Cpl. J. Robert Maxwell, 348th Air Base Sq., Long Beach, Calif.

LARGEST FEET — Do your GI dogs compare with Pvt. Frank Lloyd's? His are size 18½ EEEEEEE. Across the page is a map of Private Lloyd's feet drawn to scale. If yours are any bigger, notify Ripley, not us. Pvt. Lloyd of Washington, N. C., had these special gunboats made for him at Fort Bragg Reception Center. The QM threw in a pair of oars with each. He was nominated by Cpl. W. S. Whitehurst, Reception Center, Fort Bragg, and Pvt. Bruce G. Styers, 9th Tech. Sch. Sq., Fort Logan, Colo. Both winners sent in their entries the same day.

SMALLEST FEET—In a diminutive class but nevertheless a winner, Pvt. Lewis Le Fevere claims his size 2C pups are the smallest in the service. Now stationed with Troop C of the Sixth Squadron at Fort Riley, Kans., he was inducted at Fort Niagara, N. Y., and caused several yards of red tape to be cut before he got the extra-small foot gear he needed. In civilian life Le Fevere bought his shoes at a children's shoe store and never paid more than $1.50 for them. He is five feet, two, and weighs 105 pounds. He was nominated by Pvt. Lawrence Eyres, Finance Department, AAF TTC, Miami Beach, Fla.



MARINE WINNER — Gunnery Sgt. Gustave Nitchkei, the Leatherneck who wins YANK's contest for serving in most foreign posts, makes a Beduoin tribesman look like a piker. Although he hasn't commuted regularly between Montezuma and Tripoli he has crossed the equator seven times, served in the first World War, Vera Cruz, Santa Domingo, and been in England, France, Italy, the Admiralty Island, Australia, New Zealand, Panama and China. All told he has chalked up a record of 27 years service. He is now stationed in the U. S. Naval Air Station in San Diego, Calif. He was nominated by Pvt. E. E. Jett, AES 24—ABG 2, USNAS, San Diego, Calif.

LARGEST FAMILY — Next to Paul V. McNutt, Mrs. Jim Edwards of Freeport, Tex., is the U. S. Army's greatest source of man power. She has nine sons in the service and all of them are stationed overseas. From the eldest, who is 36 to the youngest, 21, the family roster reads: Joe, Jim, Wesley, Austin, Shedrach, Meshach, Abendego (Third Book of Daniel), Clarence and Henry. Sgt. Eddie Stinson, Tech. Information Division, QRTC, Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo., nominated the family.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canada Lee Wants 'Blood and Thunder'

"MAN, how I'd love to be in there fightin'! Body 'gainst body, my life or his. Blood and thunder—let me have it!"

Canada Lee jumped from his easy chair, backstage, and threw up his fists. For a second he looked more like the leading welterweight contender he was eight years ago than the leading Negro actor he is today.

Lee has lived for excitement and that is what he still craves. If he could get in, it would be with the Air Force or the Cavalry. Rosin in his eye forced him to give up his ring career. Consequently, he is doing his bit now by entertaining troops here and overseas.

But it is not entertainment that is on Lee's mind; it is the effect of the war on the future relationship between white and Negro people.

"If we can find a greater appreciation of each other, then the war has done a great good," he says.

Lee himself has demonstrated what opportunity and ambition can mean in a free America. Musician, jockey, prizefighter and actor, Lee has made a name for himself in each. He was on his way to becoming a concert violinist when horses captured his fancy. He rode for two years at Bel-

mont, Aqueduct and Jamaica before getting too heavy to spur home winners. Then he got into the fight business, starting a career that not only changed his name but promised him continuous excitement.

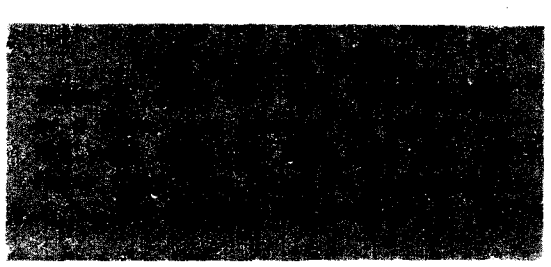
One night Joe Humphries, the famous ring announcer, stumbled over the name of Lionel Canegata, up-and-coming welterweight participating in his 250th fight. He gave up trying and from that night, it has been Canada Lee, boxer and actor.

Tryouts were being held at a Harlem "Y" for "Brother Mose" and it was pure accident that Lee was asked to read some lines. More important lines in other plays followed until finally his role as Bigger Thomas in "Native Son."

Brooks Atkinson of the New York *Times*, termed his performance as the "most vital piece of acting on the current stage," and called him "the best negro actor of his time and one of the best actors in the country."

Lee sees this play as the dramatic presentation of a continuous fight for freedom and equality for all peoples. It is said to be the first play in which a Negro star has been supported by a white company.

Here is a message from the actor to all fighting Americans on all fronts: "We're fighting this war for a land we all call our own. Let's throw aside stupid prejudices. Now is the time for unity and tolerance of each other."



BOOKS IN WARTIME

1. **GUADALCANAL DIARY** *By Richard Tregaskis*
2. **BATTLE FOR THE SOLOMONS** *By Ira Wolfert*
3. **THE SERGEANT SAYS** *By Sgt. Jimmy Cannon*
4. **THE POCKET BOOK OF WAR HUMOR** *Edited by Bennet Cerf*

1. A day-by-day, factual account of the first two months of the battle for Guadalcanal, written by a guy who was with the Marines when the show started, and published by Random House. Tregaskis, INS correspondent, skips the dramatics, lets his stories provide their own drama. No heroes in this book, just soldiers doing their jobs with terrible effectiveness. The Marines, if they can take time off from killing Japs, ought to like it.

2. Ira Wolfert, New York *Times* correspondent, high-spots the October-November phase of the battle for the Solomons, tells his story as he saw it from a Guadalcanal fox hole, from the deck of a convoy cruiser, from an air ferry, and through the glass nose of a B-17 trading death for 40 minutes with a Kawashinishi 97. Writing with color and wallop, Wolfert wastes the last chapter proving "Americans Can Fight." His story had already proved it. Published by Houghton-Mifflin.

3. Sgt. Jimmy Cannon, Times Square historian for the "new" army, has written a series of anecdotes collected during his two years in the Camp Dix (N. J.) Special Service Office. Throaty and sentimental stuff, largely about softies and derelicts toughened into fighting soldiers, "The Sergeant Says" may click with the civilian sob trade, will ring phony to the average dogface. The ad blurbs credit Sgt. Cannon "with an ear for the American language unequalled since Ring Lardner." There's a good G.I. word for that. Published by Knopf.

4. The trouble with collecting Army jokes is that the best ones rarely get outside the latrine rooms and barracks. Within its limitations, The Pocket Book of Army Humor (published by Pocket Books, Inc.) is pretty good. Sample joke:

Pvt. Johnson got a two-week furlough in order to marry his childhood sweetheart and have a short honeymoon. Just before his leave was up he wired his CO: "It's wonderful here. Request one week's extension of leave."

The CO wired back: "It's wonderful anywhere. Return to camp at once."

We used that in YANK, too; forget where we got it.

THE MAJOR AND THE JEEP

Here's a brain-tickler that's a honey. It calls for straight thinking, no tricks, and has a definite, demonstrable solution. All right—give 'er the gun!

Maj. Smith makes regular weekly trips from Belvoir to Washington. Every Monday he returns to camp, always taking the 4 P.M. train out of Washington, and riding to the railroad station nearest the camp. Always, at the exact moment the major gets off the train, Cpl. Dick drives up in a jeep and takes the major back to camp.

This particular Monday, Maj. Smith gets through early. Instead of taking the 4 o'clock train, he takes the 3 o'clock train. Consequently he arrives at the station one hour earlier than usual. Naturally, the jeep has not yet arrived from camp.

The major decides here is an opportunity to get some exercise, so immediately upon getting off the train he starts to walk to camp. After walking a while, he is met by Cpl. Dick and the jeep—coming from camp as usual. The major gets in and rides the rest of the way to camp, where he finds that he has arrived 20 minutes earlier than usual.

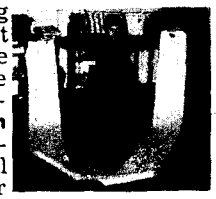
Assuming that the jeep's traveling speed was uniform throughout, can you answer this question?

How much time did Maj. Smith spend in walking towards the camp?

(Solution on page 22.)

COMPANY STREET

Pvts. John Bull, George Washington and Douglas MacArthur are stationed at **Fort MacArthur**, Calif. Colonel N. Bynum is the name of a private at **Harlingen** Army Gunnery School, Calif. When Jim Commander graduated from OCS at **Fort Sill**, Okla., he became Lt. Commander. . . . At **Dow Field**, Me., two teams of WAACs bowled over two teams of EM at bowling. . . . Cpl. William H. May, **Fort Lewis**, Wash., received a birthday greeting from 65 friends; it was 18 feet, three inches long [see photo]. Cpl. Kenneth Flack of **San Diego** (Calif.) Marine Base is still reading a letter from his girl: length, 28 feet. . . . Pfc. John Feanmilli of **Camp Hood**, Tex., cleaning out his haversack for inspection, found seven orphaned baby mice curled up in a nest of socks and towels.

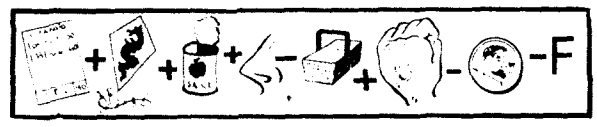


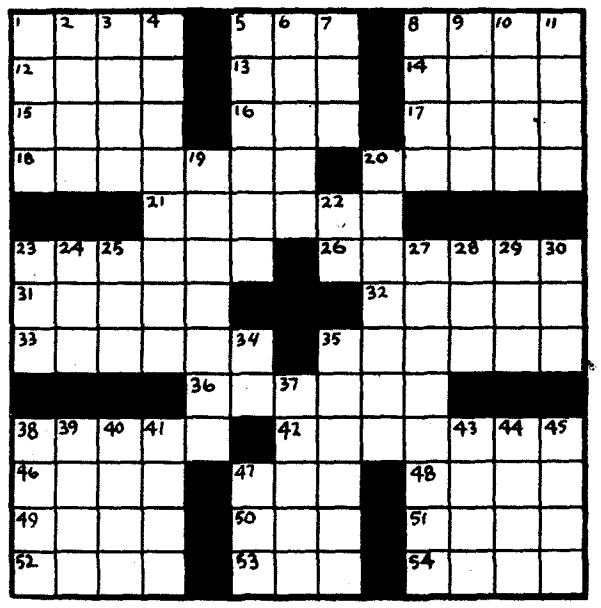
1st Sgt. J. B. Carter of **Fort Lewis**, Wash., limits week-end passes to YANK subscribers. Result: His outfit is 100 per cent subscribed. . . . A "poker gremlin" broke up a deuces-wild poker game at **Fort Benning**, Ga., when all five players showed straight flushes with eight deuces in the five hands. . . . A rookie private bumped into four rookie shavetails one night at **Camp Crowder**, Mo. Confused, he hollered "Atten-SHUN!" Also confused, the shavetails snapped salutes. The yardbird graciously responded, then vanished in the darkness. . . . Pvt. Andrew McMahon of **Fort Edwards**, Mass., has given up his title as "the lonesomest man in the Army" after receiving 300 letters, mostly from girls, including two proposals and a lot of propositions.

A supply sergeant at **Luke Field**, Ariz., handed a rookie a pair of pants, a shirt, a blouse and a cap. The rookie tried the pants. They fit perfectly. Ditto the shirt, blouse and cap. The zebra stared, commented sadly, "You must be deformed". . . . Pvt. Jacques Fray, front half of the famous Fray-Braggiotti piano team, now ripples the keys at **Fort Dix**, N. J. . . . Pvt. John Mroz of **Camp Pocatello**, Idaho, has a new chow complaint: it's too good and it's making him fat. Mroz doesn't want to get fat; he's a jockey. . . . Pvt. John Hay of **Fort Bliss**, Tex., who was a guide for the Martin and Osa Johnson African expeditions, has two sons in the Red Army Air Force.

DOUBLE PUZZLE

First solve the Picture Puzzle below. Do this by adding and subtracting the letters that spell the depicted objects, as shown. The answer will be the name of one of the United States. Fill this in 27 down of the crossword puzzle, and proceed to solve the rest of it.





ACROSS
1. Crafts
5. Become old
8. Level
12. Gather harvest
13. U. S. sailor (slang)
14. A trench or rampart
15. Shaded walk
16. Subject to friction
17. Consumes chow
18. Ignorer of reveille
20. Goods
21. Compass pointer
23. Stayed
26. Navy man
31. Man who married his brother's widow according to ancient law
32. Heavier-than-air aircraft
33. Day the eagle screams
35. Pleated
36. Twins of the zodiac
38. Weapon
42. Unfastens with a clicking sound
46. Inactive
47. Employ
48. Of the mouth
49. Vanquish
50. Short for sister
51. Japanese receptacle
52. Droops
53. Do
54. Cleansing agent

DOWN
1. Weapons
2. The McCoy
3. Story
4. Brilliant
5. Settled by common consent
6. Shell of squash used as bottle
7. Subside
8. Insect
9. Fabricator
10. Player's stake in poker
11. Girl's name
19. Record of the peers of the United Kingdom
20. Instruments of war
23. High mountain
24. Short for Beatrice
25. Woody vine
27. (Solve the Picture Puzzle)
28. Boy
29. Single
30. Color
34. Old form of "the"
35. Best; superior
37. Rhythm plus melody
38. Transverse members of ship's frame
39. Fancy
40. Banner
41. Permits
43. Well-known cartoonist
44. South American rubber
45. To spill liquor upon
47. Our Democracy

(Solution on page 22.)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

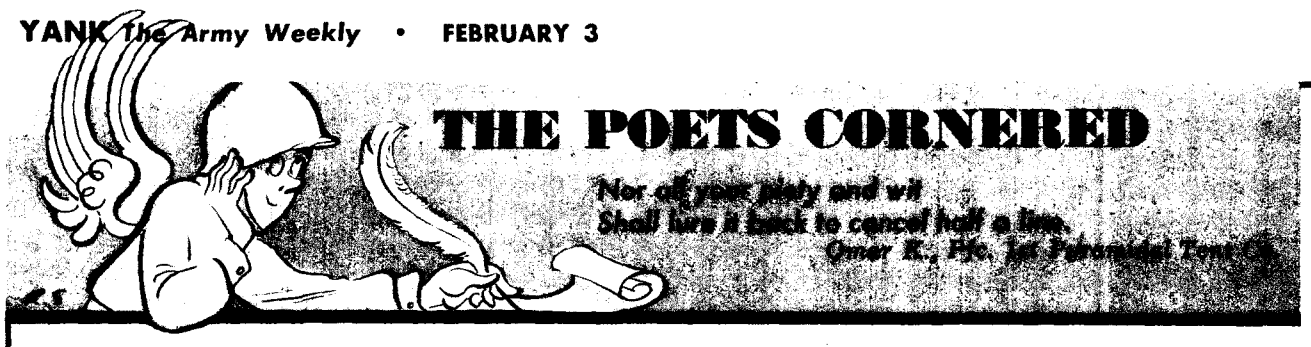
If you're a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK SERIAL NO.

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ENGINEER OCS

Here lies the bones
Of Lt. Jones,
A graduate of this institution,
Who in his first fight
Thought he was right
In using the school solution.

—Pvt. Anon.

LINES TO A CENSOR

I've got a girl so far away,
And she is sweet and frail,
But how can I send my love to her
When the censor reads my mail?

This girl is, oh, so very sweet—
I love her willy-nilly,
But how can I tell her of my love
When in print it looks so silly.

I hate the thought of those tender words
Being read by stranger's eyes:
The soul-writ words for her alone
The lies and alibis.

So, read my letters gently, sir.
They are not meant for you,
But for a girl so far away,
I scrawl this silly goo.

But when you read my letter, sir,
And laugh with profound delight,
Remember, sir, that another censor
May laugh at the letters you write.

—Sgt. JOHN PURCUSSIA
India

RESTRICTED

Girls who live in a quiet block
Are often referred to as Private Stock.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT
Scott Field, Ill.

BEHIND THE UNDERWEAR EIGHTBALL

Heads you lose
And tails the same;
Whatever you choose
You lose the game.

Dice can be rolled
Or flip a nickel:
Cottons are cold
And woolies tickle.

—Lt. RICHARD ARMOUR
Antiaircraft Artillery

A WAAC, A WAVE AND A WOLF

For centuries a uniform
Has played a major part
Both upon the battlefield
And to win a woman's heart.

Since Galahad and Lancelot
We've moved at rapid pace:
Women now wear uniforms
Instead of yards of lace.

But chivalry is not yet dead
And to me it does behoove
To announce the formation of
A manly branch of WOLVES.

We men in uniform and out
Are bound by sacred oath
To maintain chivalry and love,
We'll forever cherish both.

You've seen us in each cocktail lounge
From Orleans to Duluth:
Wherever there's a WAAC or WAVE
There will always be a WOLF.

So if your femme has joined the ranks
Do not worry for her part:
Remember that we'll do our best
To console her lonely heart.

—Pvt. ROBERT JAMES VERGERONT
Morrison Field, Fla.

NOISY YARDBIRDS

It's 9 o'clock and all is well,
The lights are out—so now I'll tell
Of the queerest noises in the night
That come from characters on my left and right.

The wheezers wheeze their sad refrain,
The burpers burp and relieve a pain,
One overnight guest lets out a yell,
Another yardbird cries, "This is hell."

Never again will I go AWOL.
A dogface on my left gives forth a moan,
Awake with insomnia I let out a groan,
The guys with asthma pant and gasp,
Another yardbird's cough sounds like a rasp.

They touch my heart, they're yardbirds in pain;
When you think they're through they start again.
I murmur, low and deep,
"Shut up, dammit; let me sleep."

—A/C IRA KATZMAN
Nashville, Tenn.

BED CHECK

The first time I get bed check,
I find it's quite a bother;
I'm pacing hard the latrine floor
And worrying like a mother.

"Where are my blund'ring boys tonight?"
Oh, wild am I with woe.
They must be in by 12 tonight,
Or down their names must go.

What my mother must have gone through
When she'd wait up for this lout.
Alack! I know now how she felt
On her jaunts to bail me out.

Eleven o'clock and all's not good—
There're 20 bunks still empty.
I'm pacing hard the latrine floor
(Ahboomp, ahbimpety, bempety!)

Eleven-thirty and what do you think?
There's only one guy missing!
If he's not in by 12 tonight,
His name I will be listing.

He'll get some extra duty sure—
They'll make it tough for him!
With a half hour more to go,
He'd best start coming in!

"He'd best start coming in," I muse.
"One empty bunk, by heck!
One empty bunk, one empty bunk,
One empty bunk to check."

I'm pacing hard the latrine floor
While sleep on me is creeping;
I sit me on a latrine bowl—
And bye and bye I'm sleeping!

The blasted bugle wakes me up,
The latrine's bright with shine.
More to my woe I later find—
That empty bunk was mine!

—LEONARD GUARDINO
Camp White, Oreg.

Mail Call

Dear YANK.
Are you the lucky lads to receive the enclosed picture of these four G.I.s (Glacier-Icemen). Nope, these four dogfaces are not wet behind the ears; that's ice. . . . From left to right I offer you: T/Sgt. N. C. Duell, S/Sgt. Mickey McGuire and Pfc. A. P. Peterson, and, in the rear, Sgt. E. J. Breitzmann.

Duell and McGuire are in deep study of one of the babes with the terrific torso that you ran in this issue YANK. Pete is trying to think up some way of arranging a mutual transfer of some of that heat down New Caledonia way for a wee bit of our air-cooled breeze. Breitzmann is still trying to figure out the one the sourdough pulled on the proper way to catch a polar bear: First, cut a hole in the ice; second, open a can of peas, then when the bear comes up to take a pea, kick him in the ice hole.

—Pfc. J. J. MALONEY
Alaska

Dear YANK:
If Pfc. Lou Slawson [YANK, Jan. 13] was over there and knew his business as he expects others to, he'd know that it was the lads from the U. S. Coast Guard that took the lads ashore, and a darned good job they did. Like quite a few people he doesn't seem to know about the best of services for such tight work.

—A. TUMINOWSKI, Cox.
Portsmouth Navy Yard, N. H.

Dear YANK:
During a recent maneuver, I succeeded in flying a jeep. While on an obstacle course showing some officers the merits of the jeep, we spied a sand hill off to one side of the road which looked so inviting, so perfect for a real test, that I couldn't resist trying it out. We tore down the road, up the side of the mound, and went sailing through the air. The result was a smashed nose for me, a bent bumper for the jeep, and what I think must be the greatest leap any jeep ever made. We measured the distance from the point where the wheels left the ground at the top of the mound to the hole we dug in the earth when we landed. I am proud to say that Uncle Sammie's piece of power soared 38 feet 6 inches forward, and 16 feet into the air. That *must* be some kind of a record. If so, I would like to claim it.

If you would be so kind as to check this and notify me as to whether my jump was any good or not, I would greatly appreciate it.

—Pfc. JAMES FORGIONE
Robins Field, Ga.

Until someone else puts in a claim, you're the champ.

Dear YANK:
I've been mulling over S/Sgt. Louis Weber's recent letter [YANK, Dec. 23]—don't ask me where I got the time for said mulling—and believe there is a good answer to his fair question re: the stress laid on drill.

I don't know whether Sgt. Weber was referring to Medical Administrative Corps OCS. when he mentions "in one school (specialized) as much as 70 per cent of your grade is earned or lost on the basis of drill," I have a hunch he was. Anyhow, my first reaction when I became a candidate was similar. However, after having sweated out seven long weeks here, I think I can see the school's point of view. The thing which is constantly banged into our heads here (and which is true) is that an officer is primarily a *teacher*. Think that over, sergeant, and you'll see that it's true, and especially of the lower grades.

Being a specialist yourself isn't enough; it may call for a good noncom's rating, but not a commission. An officer has to be able to do things but, more important, to teach others and to lead them.

Drill ability may seem to be an arbitrary basis on which to estimate that intangible command presence. But how else are you going to do it, in the short length of time an OCS course allows? Perfection not being a particularly prevalent quality anywhere, mistakes doubtless are made. Some men may wash out for drill deficiency who might have made good officers, but the percentage is in favor of the system.

Will you excuse me? I have to get out and practice my drill!

—OC WILBERT M. FITZPATRICK
Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Dear YANK:
In your Nov. 4 issue you had a letter from Cpl. Orville L. Adaman in which he claims the Army doesn't do much except "in a USO for recreation." I wonder if he realizes that there are some branches of the Army that haven't seen a USO and have worked 12 hours a day come hell and high water. This outfit hasn't had a drink of beer and seen over four white women.

—Cpl. RAY J. POLLOCK
Alaska

Dear YANK:
Today we are fighting a war for our very existence. We are fighting for the "truths we hold to be self-evident." Why fight among ourselves? A little good-natured kidding now and then, yes; but nix on the sarcasm. It only creates hard feelings among the services when what we need is cooperation.

—Pvt. BILL GREEN
Fort Devens, Mass.

Agreed. Let's win the war by fighting the enemy only.

Dear YANK:
I was married to a South African girl during my stay in that part of this continent. This picture was taken just as the party left the church. From left to right: S/Sgt. S. Giddings, of Illinois, best man; Miss Dorothy Walsh, of Durban, bridesmaid; acting 1st Sgt. W. B. Larson, groom; and the bride, the former Ann Rose Barnett, of Durban.

Africa —S/Sgt. W. B. LARSON

Dear YANK:
After reading "Life in Labrador" by Sgt. Richardson [YANK, Oct. 28], we engineers have reached one accord: Sgt. Richardson and his whole group of underprivileged boys in Labrador (that bleak and barren place) have our heartfelt sympathy and they have our word of honor we will visit the chaplain (when we see one) daily and meditate in our quiet hour for them.

Since when have the Canadians allowed G.I. dogfaces to call them Eskimos? If they read this implication in YANK, your poor boys will not be able to get their seven candy bars a week from them. By the way, what is candy?

Women are unheard, unseen and unknown here—including all nationalities, races or creeds.

—1st Sgt. THEODORE V. HROMADKA
Greenland

Dear YANK:
We came to Greenland 18 long months ago and, pal, in all that time we have yet to see a female white or native.

—Cpl. ARTHUR STANLEY
Greenland

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 34
FEB. 3, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

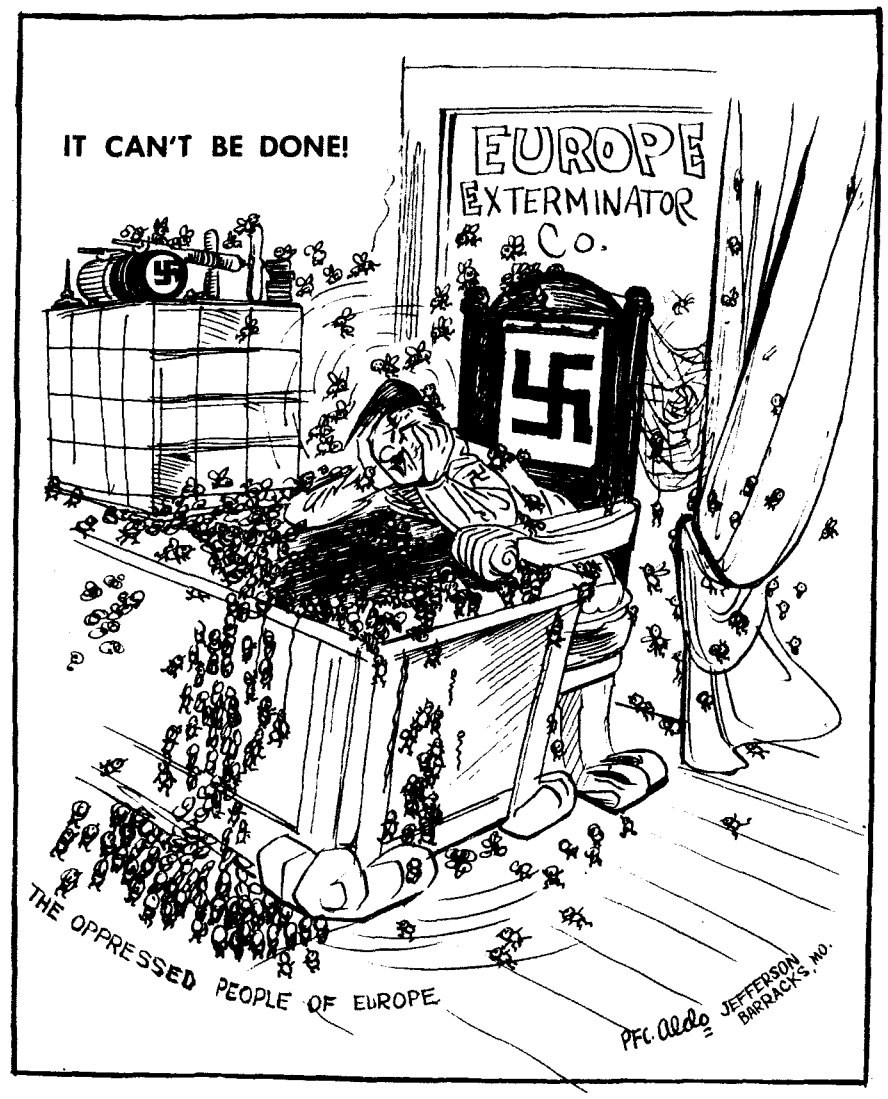
GREMLINS FOR SALE

IT IS OUR painful duty this week to report to the Air Force that your Gremlins have been sold down the river.

A news syndicate now distributes a daily cartoon in which the Gremlin has moved in on civilian doings. [See illustration.] We asked the syndicate how come they had appropriated an airmen's creation, and they said they are using the Gremlin to put the finger on dangers U. S. citizens should be on guard against, thus aiding the war effort.

We certainly are interested in all kinds of war effort and have only commendation for a cartoon that pushes us along toward victory. But we object like hell to the use of the Gremlin as he appears in this cartoon. He is an Axis partner who encourages civilians to hoard clothing, waste essentials, loaf in defense industries. In the Air Force the Gremlin is a practical joker but a likeable cuss and a big help at times. As an Air Force tradition the Gremlin was rapidly becoming a distinct contribution to folklore and an important factor in Air Force *esprit de corps*. It's certainly no help to our airmen to have their Gremlin put to work for money in a manner that fouls all the traditions of the Gremlin's creation.

If the Gremlin must be commercialized, the characterization should be a credit to the Air Force whose noble record rates a better deal than this from the folks back home.



STRICTLY G.I.

Overseas Ribbons

DOGFACES may not get their campaign medals—manufacture of them has been discontinued for the duration to conserve metal—but they'll get their campaign ribbons when they arrive overseas. Ribbons will be given for three different theaters:

The European-African-Middle Eastern Theater includes just that, and its ribbon is green, for the green fields of Europe, with the U. S. colors in the center flanked by the Italian and the German colors near the ends, and borders of brown representing the sands of the desert.

The Asiatic-Pacific Theater embraces Alaska, Hawaii, the South and Southwest Pacific, and all Asia Minor. Its ribbon has the U. S. colors in the middle and the Japanese colors at both ends.

Any other overseas jaunt will bring you the American Theater ribbon, which is blue with narrow red, white and blue stripes in the middle, and Germany's colors at one end and Japan's at the other.

Pretty, but only one to each customer.

The Link

Off the press comes a slick little pocket size mag called "The Link," which will be published six times a year as a tie between fighting men and their Protestant churches back home. A joint project of many Protestant organizations, "The Link" hits a good pace in its first issue. None of the old hoke too often handed out in Sunday School, but straight-from-the-shoulder stuff for Christian soldiers, with a few thoughts on Christian living. Free to soldiers, "The Link" will be sent to you on request to the editor, Clarence W. Hall, 1703 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Chaplains may secure as many copies as they need if they'll just ask.

Use V-Mail

If you're worried about losing letters use V-Mail, more than 15 million V-Mail letters have been mailed to and received from points outside the U. S. by APO without the loss of a single letter. Recently a ship carrying 115,200 V-Mail letters got in trouble with a submarine. As soon as the Postal Service got word of it, every letter was re-processed and sent by the next ship. No original letter is destroyed until the film reaches its destination.

G.I. Shop Talk

Things money can't buy. G.I.s may get by barter at certain overseas points. Over in North Africa the QMC trotted out some new "barter bags." They contained beads, scissors, cloths, perfumes, candies, cigarettes and food. Wonder how the Yanks will make out swapping with the Arabs. . . . There are getting to be so many women in the Army that they've had to open another basic training center for them. The new WAAC powder room is at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. The other two are at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, and Daytona Beach, Fla. . . . Banks are being set up in domestic camps and forts to accommodate servicemen. These banks will accept deposits, cash checks, transmit funds, and sell War Bonds and savings stamps. In fact they'll do everything for the dogface except loan him money. These banks are branches of commercial financial houses in nearby communities, approved by the Treasury Department. Any camp may get such a bank if the Old Man applies to the Treasury. Thirty-two are already going.

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Fair Exchange

Field Marshal Hermann (Fats) Goering was 50 years old last week and happened to be in Budapest, so the Hungarian government naturally gave him another medal for a birthday present, the Hungarian "Grand Cross of the Order of Merit on the War Ribbon with Swords." Just to make it even-Stephen, Goering, according to a BBC broadcast, gave the Hungarian government a present, too — an order for an additional 150,000 troops to replace those already buried in Russia.

Double-Talk

Too much saki might explain these remarkable interpretations of the war news as broadcast recently by the Tokyo radio. "In Russia our victorious German allies are now inflicting heavy losses on the *pursuing* Russians. In Africa all Anglo-American attacks in landing operations have been repulsed on the African coast, *except where they have succeeded.*"

Il Duce's contribution of the week to Axis victory in North Africa is chapter 4, "On Technique of Surrender," from a captured Italian Officers' Handbook: "Instruct the men to unload their rifles, place a piece of white material on top of the rifle and hold up their hands."

They Counted Their Chickens—

The Nazis were so sure that Britain would fold up after the air blitzes of 1940 that they issued the following order to Luftwaffe bombers, said a recent BBC broadcast: "Spare hotels and country clubs in coastal towns so that these will remain intact for the use of staff officers when England is successfully invaded by our troops."

Entire Issue Copyright, 1943, by YANK, The Army Weekly. Printed in U. S. A.

Photos: Cover, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 2, INP. 3, 4 and 5, Schnall. 6, Washington (D. C.) Star Staff. 7, Acme. 9, YANK Staff. 10, Acme. 12, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 13, Sgt. John Bushemi. 15, left, top, PRO, Camp Roberts, Calif.; center, Army Air Force; bottom, Westervelt; right, top, Raleigh (N. C.) News-Observer: center, PRO, Fort Riley, Kans.; Bottom, PRO, USNA, San Diego, Calif. 16, Paramount Studios. 17, Schnall. 20, PA. 21, Sgt. Geo. Aarons. 22, PA. 23, USMC.
Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Layout, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; News Editor, Pvt. Justus Schlotzhauer, Inf.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.; Features, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, SU; Cartoonist, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.

London: Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Cpl. Ben Frazier, CA.

Cairo: Sgt. Burgess Scott, Inf.; Sgt. George Aarons, Sig. Corps.

North Africa: Sgt. James Burchard, Inf.; Sgt. Peter Paris, Engr.

Iceland: Cpl. Dennis Wiegand, AAF; Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.

Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF.

Alcan Highway: Pvt. Donald Seely, Engr.

Australia: Sgt. E. J. Kahn Jr.; Sgt. Don Harrison, AAF.

China: Sgt. John P. Barnes, AAF.

Middle East: Sgt. Al Hine, Engr.

India: Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Inf.; Sgt. Robert Ghio, MP.

Southwest Pacific: Sgt. Dave Richardson, CA; Sgt. Mack Morriss, Inf.; Sgt. Howard Brodie, Sig.

Panama: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Inf.

Puerto Rico: Cpl. Byron B. Evans, Armd.

Nassau: Cpl. David B. Fold, MP.

Hawaii: Sgt. Merle Miller, AAF; Sgt. John Bushemi, FA.

Trinidad: Cpl. Frank H. Rice, Inf.

Marines: 1st Sgt. Riley Aikman.

Navy: Y3c Robert L. Schwartz; Y3c Allen Churchill.

Officer in Charge: Lt. Col. Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor, Maj. Hartzell Spence; Detachment Commander, Capt. Sam Humphfus; Officer in Charge for England, Lt. Col. Egbert White.

EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Operating room in New Guinea. The surgeon is Capt. John Smith of Little Rock, Ark.

Medics Under

A Few Stories of Pill Rollers, Doctors And Nurses on the Fighting Fronts, as Reported By YANK Staff Writers Overseas

TWO HUNDRED YARDS behind the front lines on Guadalcanal, a great battle was being fought. A Navy Medical Corps attached to the Marine unit worked against death. An advance dressing station was pitched where trees offered cover.

Doctors and corpsmen worked swiftly and intently. Six men struggled into the station with a stretcher. They carried a marine whose arm had been torn off by machine-gun fire. His chances of survival were slim.

A doctor took one look, produced two small flasks, one filled with distilled water, the other containing a substance that looked like fine sawdust. Quickly water was drawn by vacuum into the second flask forming a straw-colored liquid. The doctor shook the flask to dissolve the substance. Then deft hands jabbed a needle into the marine's limp veins. Slowly the liquid drained through a rubber tube.

The whole operation took 10 minutes. Soon color began to come back to the wounded man's face. His pulse quickened; his body regained heat. The man had been snatched from death.

The work of the field doctor was done. One more live marine would go to base hospital where he could be nursed back to health. Blood plasma had done its work.

This is only one instance of the wonders of medical science carried into the heart of our fighting areas.

Pearl Harbor Situation a Test

Pearl Harbor provides another example. The wounded were brought in at a rate that surpassed anything ever seen during the first World War. The situation was grim. But the doctors had blood plasma with which to fight shock, sulfa drugs with which to fight infection.

Thanks to these, not one man lost an arm or a leg because of infection. There was not a single case of gas gangrene.

Not the least unpleasant aspect of tropical campaigning is the failure of even the tiniest skin wound to heal. Scratch a mosquito bite absentmindedly and the result is apt to be a small ulcer-like sore that takes days to close up.

Medics, who have developed a personal hatred of the mosquito, carry with them a purplish balm to spread over bites, scratches and other slight skin irritations.

Even though the medics' Red Cross brassards are usually plastered with mud or dust out in the field, you can recognize them because they carry two canteens instead of one, and lug twice as much equipment as any other soldier.

A few weeks ago, in New Guinea, a bunch of pill rollers, each toting about 100 pounds of medical supplies, were marching resolutely up the trail to the front.

"How much farther is there to go?" one of them asked, mentioning a native village a grenade's throw from the firing lines.

"About a day and a half," they were told.

"Boy! We're practically there," a bearded corporal crowed. They had been pushing forward, with their hospital on their backs, for 11 days.

Sulfanilamide to the Rescue

As on all battlefronts, sulfanilamide is proving its worth every day in the jungle. One soldier, hit five times by Jap machine-gun bullets during a strafing attack, had scarcely fallen to the ground when a medic rushed up and sprinkled sulfa powder on him as generously as though he had been an excitable French chef putting icing on a cake.

"I thought he was out of his head at first," the casualty said later, "but I realized he knew what he was doing a few weeks later when I found my wounds had healed."

As tough as any part of the medics' job is evacuating injured and sick. In New Guinea, they can be taken over a few of the trails in good weather, by jeep, but for the most part, it's a matter of putting the patient on a litter and carrying him to a field hospital. Using stretchers made of canvas from army cots, the medics are aided by Papuan natives.

U. S. Army nurses, too, are stationed everywhere there are troops. Equipped with the most modern equipment, they are in Iceland, Ireland, India, Australia, Britain, North Africa, China.

"The last war was a cakewalk for the Army nurse compared to this one," the commanding officer of one station hospital said. "I don't think France saw anything like the nightmare those nurses battled through in the Philippines."

In the last war, the front was static when the AEF got there, and the doughboys started winning right away. Such a condition helps the medics a lot. It means that they can set up a base hospital with a fair chance of sticking around for a while. It means that they can concentrate on the business of patching up the wounded. It means that a nurse performs her proper duties as a doctor's aide.

That was the way it started out in the Philippines. But with Jap landings continually outflanking the defenders, with the sky a one-way street for enemy planes, a hospital was strictly a touch-and-go proposition. The medics would no sooner get beds in a night club, a school or a business building than bombers would tag them.

When this happened there would be an order to move. Nurses rolled up their sleeves and helped salvage what equipment they could. But it was never enough. Time was too short.

"When the lines held at Bataan, everyone thought the gypsy life was over," said one nurse who kept a diary of the holocaust. "But we were wrong. The Japs found us again. We moved into the jungle."

The new base hospital was under canvas. Beds were set up under shelter halves, shielded from the sky by palm trees. Water supply came from a stream a foot deep. This was bath, laundry, cooking and drinking supply all in one. Before a chlorinator came, everyone had dysentery.

Their chow was carabao stew. If it wasn't carabao stew, it was horse steak and gravy.

When the load became too great, nurses were called upon to do minor surgery. Uniforms had

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Digging slit trench in Middle East: Nurses Beatrice Raymann, Betty Clarke, Elizabeth Millard, Dorothy Magg and Dorothy Graff.

That G.I. headnet solves the desert fly problem for Margaret Carey.

Nurse Winnie DeRemer checks on convalescents Cpl. Daniel O'Connell and Pfc. Leo Waltz.

RECENTLY, a bunch of nurses arrived at a desert hospital in the Middle East. Billeted far out in the sands, they quickly made themselves at home. From shipping crates they knocked out vanity dressers, writing tables and other articles of furniture. They draped their bare brick rooms with ornaments from Cairo.

Cold and hot running water doesn't exist there. It's just cold, with one bucket of hot water issued to each two gals a day.

Only in the billet area may the nurses appear in blue slacks, a little known item of their uniform. These they wear for recreation or work about the billets.

Two males only are allowed within the sanctum of their quarters. One is Pvt. Robert E. Pitts, of Young County, Tex., an armed guard whose duty it is to see that no ineligibles enter the area; the other is Tippy, a desert puppy taken over as mascot soon after the nurses arrived. At night, a Sudanese guard stands outside the gates.

None of the nurses has succeeded in eating alone in Cairo. No sooner do they take a seat in a restaurant than the waiter brings a note—from an RAFer, a South African, a New Zealander or an American officer—asking the girls to join another table. The girls usually oblige.

The dragomen and Cairo shopkeepers, quick to spot American nurses, call out their wares with: "Hallo Miss America" or "Hallo Miss Uncle Sam." The general idea is that all American nurses are wealthy, and prices are charged accordingly.

One day seven girls on leave in Cairo walked down the street with 2nd Lt. John H. McCormack, of Vincennes, Ind. As the party stopped to look in a shop window, the owner came out all smiles and said to the lieutenant, "Greetings, sir, bring all your wives inside."

Due to regulations keeping them on call within a close radius of their billets and hospital, the girls spend most of their spare time in their living area, playing softball, fixing up their quarters or taking hikes in the nearby desert. Most of them come into town on their week ends off, the Army providing transportation to and from camp. The most popular bus leaves town at midnight, is dubbed, "The Cinderella Express."

Everywhere the Troops Go, the Nurses Go. They Pretty Up Their Quarters, Make the G.I. Happy.

Softball is a favorite sport of the nurses. At left is Pvt. Robert E. Pitts, one of the two males permitted inside the nurses' area. The other one? See the picture at right . . .

Tippy is the other male. He's frolicking here with Julie Umberger and Madeline Kinch during a desert stroll.

long since disappeared. They dressed in coveralls and Army shoes several sizes too large. An hour's catnap was a good night's sleep on heavy days.

Days and nights were an endless nightmare. Patients came in by the hundreds. The doctors and nurses worked continuously amid the flies, the heat and the dust. They had from 800 to 900 victims a day. Burial parties worked every night in the darkness.

But the nurses stuck until ordered off by Gen. Wainwright.

How Nurses Keep Men Happy

The nurses' job is to make the soldiers as comfortable as possible. Sometimes they have to be diplomats as well as nurses.

One G.I. had been hospitalized as a result of being thrown off his motorcycle. Besides being in a body cast, he had two fingers of one hand bandaged and the other arm in a sling. But what seemed to hurt him more than his injuries was that he thought the nurse ignored him. As she walked up and down among the other patients seeing that they got their periodic exercise by pulling up and down on their handbars, he called out to her.

"Look here," he said, "I get my exercise, too, you know. I roll my eyes."

A lieutenant had been badly burned about the face and hands. When he came out of his anesthetic he was delirious in the semi-dark until the nurse patted him and talked to him, telling him that the bandages would be removed in the morning, that they covered his eyes only for a short time, and that he would recover quickly and not be blind.

He lay quietly for a while, then said, "But every part of me is bandaged but my lips. They're sore, too, and they're not dressed. Isn't that bad?"

The nurse reassured him that his lips were well oiled, and that they would be all right, too.

He waited a moment, then said, "OK. Just so I'm still kissable."

The Japs have more than once bombed field hospitals clearly marked as such. But the medics haven't been stopped, and have been setting up their field equipment as close to the front as they're allowed. They know when the attacks are coming off, and just before the big pushes start, they prepare for the inevitable casualties.

Some hospital orderlies were standing by the side of their field equipment recently when a company walked slowly by on its way toward the Jap positions. Nobody said much to anybody else until one automatic rifleman turned as he passed and said, "I hope you guys do a lousy business."

"I hope so, too," a doctor replied.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

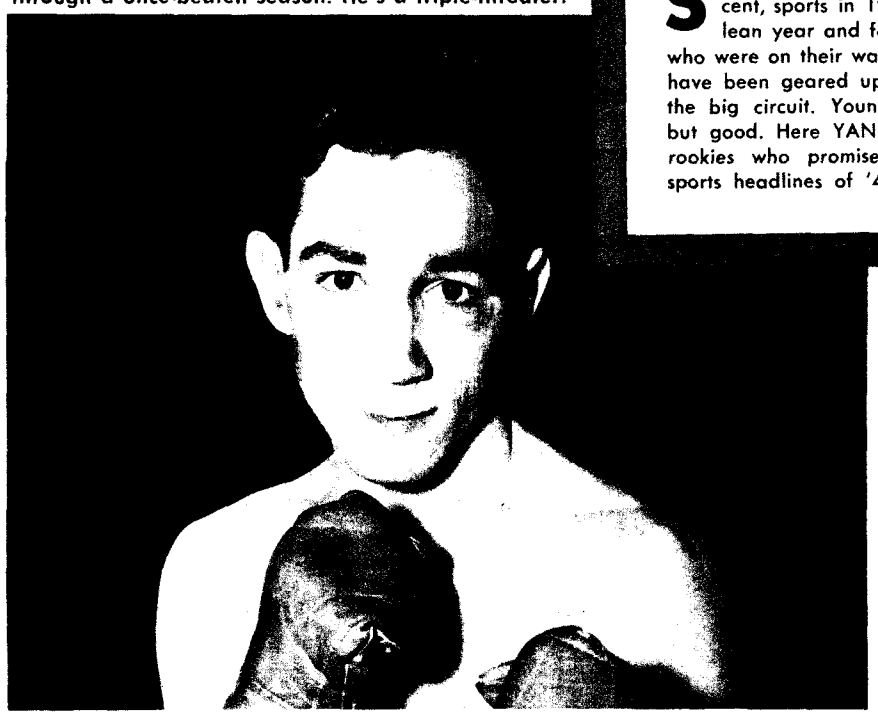
SPORTS

FOOTBALL. Clint Castleberry, fireball frosh who engineered Georgia Tech through a once-beaten season. He's a triple-threater.

TRACK. They speak of Frank Dixion, NYU miler, in the same breath with MacMitchell which should give you an idea of how good he is.

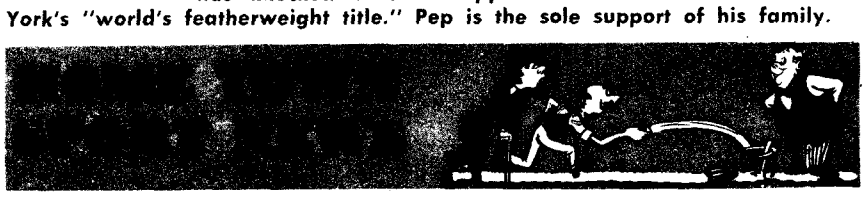
Rookie Roundup

STRIPPED of manpower at least 40 per cent, sports in 1943 face prospects of a lean year and fewer stars. The veterans who were on their way out this time last year have been geared up for another season on the big circuit. Young stars will be scarce, but good. Here YANK presents four rousing rookies who promise to write the biggest sports headlines of '43.



BOXING. Wee Willie Pep, the slick Hartford (Conn.) hit-and-run artist, has knocked over 58 opponents in his climb to New York's "world's featherweight title." Pep is the sole support of his family.

BASEBALL. George Kurowski, St. Louis Cardinal third baseman, will be best remembered as the youngster from Rochester who belted the home run that beat the Yanks in the World Series. He hit .333 in 1942.



BOSTON—Two of the major leagues' oldest outfielders, Paul (Big Poison) Waner and Johnny Cooney, both released by the Boston Braves, have been signed by the Brooklyn Dodgers as insurance against player shortage. Waner, who will be 40 in April, became the seventh player in the history of baseball to reach the 3000th-hit mark last season. His all-time batting average is .338. Cooney, who broke into baseball as a pitcher, will be 42 in March.

Providence, R. I.—An overflowing mob of 6,500 fans saw Jackie Callura, a youngster from Hamilton, Ont., grapple, push and lunge his way to the NBA version of the featherweight title by scoring a 15-round decision over Champion Jack Wilson of Pittsburgh. Wilson was wrestled to the floor three times with Callura tumbling on top of him.

Shreveport, La.—Milton Simington, right guard of the Pittsburgh Steelers and former Arkansas star, died here of a heart condition—first evident the month before when an attack kept him out of the All-Star game at Philadelphia.

NEW YORK—The nation's collegiate basketball leaders, conference by conference:

Southeastern—Kentucky; Big Ten—Illinois and Indiana; Southern—George Washington; Missouri Valley—Creighton; Big Six—Kansas and Nebraska; Southwest—Texas; Eastern—Dartmouth; Pacific Coast—Oregon State and Southern California.

Among the independents, Notre Dame and Providence College remain undefeated, Toledo's all-frosh five is red hot, West Texas is back in stride, and Duquesne is a once-beaten team.

Chicago—The latest hockey standings in the National League:

	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Boston	17	9	6	40
Detroit	12	8	9	33
Toronto	14	11	4	32
Chicago	10	9	8	28
Canadiens	10	15	5	25
Rangers	7	18	4	18

Puzzle Solution

MAGIC SQUARE

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
6	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

CHECKER STRATEGY

a) Red moves 27 to 23. Now Black has the choice of either two jumps: If he jumps with the King (22 to 15), then Red goes 24 to 19 (a 3-for-2 shot) and the win is apparent. So Black chooses to jump 20 to 27.

b) Red moves 18 to 15. Black jumps 11 to 18.

c) Red jumps 23 to 14 to 5. Now the Black piece on square 27 is in a dilemma. If he stays there Red will jump him. But—worse luck!—if he moves into square 31, Red will move 32 to 27, taking a 3-for-1 shot. No good can come for Black out of this Hobson's choice. He must lose at least one checker—which, in this position, he can never regain. Against the best possible defense that Black can now offer, Red, being one ahead, can proceed to win by simple, clean-cut play.

THE MAJOR AND THE JEEP

C — P — S

Answer: 50 minutes. Here's how it works out. Let C be the camp, P the point at which the jeep met the major, and S the station. Obviously, at the moment the major got off the train at S, the jeep was 1 hour away from S. Now, the jeep got back to camp 20 minutes earlier than usual, which time must have been gained only because the usual portion of the trip, from P to S and back to P, was eliminated. Which means that it takes one-half of 20 minutes (or 10 minutes) for the jeep to travel from P to S. In other words, when the jeep reached point P it was 10 minutes away from S. But we just learned that it had been 1 hour (60 mins.) away from S at the time the major started walking. The difference (50 minutes) covers the time between when the major started walking and when he met the jeep at P.

DOUBLE PUZZLE

BILL plus KITE plus CAN plus NOSE minus BASKET plus FIST minus CENT minus F equals ILLINOIS.

A	R	T	S		A	G	E		F	L	A	T		
R	E	A	P		G	O	B		L	I	N	E		
M	A	L	L		R	U	B		E	A	T	S		
S	L	E	E	P	E	R		W	A	R	E	S		
			N	E	E	D	L	E						
A	B	I	D	E	D		S	A	I	L	O	R		
L	E	V	I	R				P	L	A	N	E		
P	A	Y	D	A	Y		F	O	L	D	E	D		
			G	E	M	I	N	I						
R	I	F	L	E		U	N	S	N	A	P	S		
I	D	L	E		U	S	E		O	R	A	L		
B	E	A	T		S	I	S		I	N	R	O		
S	A	G	S		A	C	T		S	O	A	P		

GENERAL MIXUP

1. Franklin Roosevelt. 2. James Doolittle. 3. Chiang Kai-shek. 4. Bernard Montgomery. 5. Joseph Stalin. 6. George Patton. 7. Winston Churchill. 8. Semyon Timoshenko. 9. Douglas MacArthur. 10. Dwight Eisenhower.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTS: WHY THROW OUT BASEBALL? THE FIGHTING MAN WOULD MISS IT AS MUCH AS THE NEXT FELLOW

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THERE'S BEEN talk recently of giving major league baseball back to Clark Griffith and Connie Mack and luring all ball players under 38 into military service. The sentiment seems to be this:

If a fellow can lick his weight in umpires who are miniature Mack trucks, then he can play hell with Japs and Germans.

This cripples the argument right off the bat. Baseball players have been extended "greetings" like everybody else. Some draft boards have even been caught inducting members of the Phillies. This goes for umpires, too. Draft boards have been known to lead umpires to an eye chart and then hustle them off to a reception center.

It's No Secret

Furthermore, we think the argument is not only powerfully prejudiced but downright inconsistent. Why design a movement to rid the nation only of baseball players? Let's do a good job if we are going to work up a vicious grudge. Why not grab up every boxer, football player and golfer in sight? And, if we do, why not make them all front-line fighters and not pre-flight coaches and physical training instructors.

As you can plainly see there's no end to the extreme to which you can carry this thing.

The average soldier doesn't keep his noble feelings a secret as long as there's a chaplain around. Our latest report from the Chief of Chaplains Office fails to list a single case where a soldier openly begrudged a civilian the chance to see a good baseball game or fight. He's just as engrossed in the outcome of the American League pennant race or a championship fight as the next fellow. If anything, he's simply griped because he can't be there, too. That's human.

Feller Takes the Stand

Along this line Chief Petty Officer Bob Feller testifies: "As a sailor who has been to sea I've seen sailors hang over radios on pitching ships just to listen to football games and fights."

The Seabag, which develops to be the official publication of the Norfolk Naval Training Station and not a sailor's girl friend as we had expected, voices these sentiments:

"A serviceman's idea of a well-spent afternoon would include a visit to a ball park where he could cheer or heckle to his heart's content. Your soldier or sailor likes his sports and his favorite sport is baseball."

That's that.

In the last war our old man, THE STARS AND STRIPES, worked itself into a dither because sports thrived on the home front. One bitter editorial had this to say:

"To our notion the proper belt for a fighting man to wear in war time is regulation canvas or fair leather—not green silk."

A few days after this editorial appeared, THE STARS AND STRIPES turned around and engaged Lt. Grantland Rice as sports editor, who in turn turned around and threw out the sports page with this announcement:

"There is but one Big League today for this paper to cover and that league winds its way among the SOS stations scattered throughout France and ends at the western front.

"The sole slogan left is 'Beat Germany. Anything that pertains to that slogan counts. The rest doesn't. And that is why this is the last sporting page THE STARS AND STRIPES will print until an Allied victory brings peace."

It wasn't until the final issue of 1918 that THE STARS AND STRIPES set up another sports page.

Maybe our old man had the right idea. We would like to know. What do you guys think?

A PICTURE IN POINT. Last fall the Marines in Guadalcanal took time off from killing Japs to follow the big league pennant races. That double Dodger victory would be big news anywhere.

SPORT SERVICE RECORD

The stormy marriage of **Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey** and Hannah Williams Dempsey seemed finally on the rocks when Dempsey named names in a divorce suit. One of the names was that of **Lew Jenkins**, former lightweight champion, whom Dempsey accused of flirting around with his wife. Dempsey also admitted he had knocked Jenkins cold with a short left hook in Dempsey's New York restaurant. Jenkins was once an Army cavalryman.

Close in the wake of Lt. Col. Earl Blaik's return to active duty, another coach, **Tuss McLaughry** of Dartmouth, was sworn in last week as a Marine Corps major. McLaughry's two sons are already in the Marines: John, former All-American quarterback, in officers training school, and Robert, a second lieutenant in the Marine Air Corps.

Pvt. **Renaldo Annunzio,** 44, of Oakland, Calif., is now physical training instructor at the Demming (New M.) Advanced Flying School. You might know Pvt. Annunzio better as the former featherweight champion, Jimmy Dundee.... **Pete Tinsley,** the Green Bay Packer guard, is taking his basic at the Fort Sheridan (Ill.) Reception Center.... **Paul Campbell,** outfielder and first baseman of the Boston Red Sox, was inducted last week at Camp Croft, S. C.

Somewhere in **Australia** an Air Force football team ran true to form, striking by air to win a 6-0 victory over the Army Ground Defense Forces in the Kangeroo Bowl. The game was fundamentally the regulation American game, with these variations: The field was 80 yards long and 40 yards wide; first downs were scaled at 20 yards and there were no attempts for extra points.

Statue for Sinky

Athens, Ga.—A grateful Georgia alumnus is backing a movement to erect a bronze statue of All-America Frankie Sinkwich on the campus with this inscription:

"Frankie Sinkwich, All-America back, a Damnyankee from Youngstown, Ohio, who paid off the $80,000 debt on Sanford Field in the year of 1942."

Nick Etten Takes Lucky Jump to Yankees

Nick Etten will be the New York Yankees' seventh first baseman since the late Lou Gehrig ended his streak of 2,130 successive games. Etten, a Philly regular for two years, was traded to the Yanks for $10,000 plus pitcher Allen Gettel and first baseman Ed Levy, a pair of Kansas City farmhands. Levy is no stranger in a Philadelphia uniform; he played with the Phils in 1940, but failed to stick and was farmed out to Kansas City.

KEEP POSTED

Wherever you are, you'll want to read YANK every week. Join the army of subscribers TODAY.

SEND YANK BY MAIL TO:

FULL NAME AND RANK SER. NO.

MILITARY ADDRESS

-1-34

PLEASE CHECK: 8 MONTHS (35 WEEKS) ☐ $1.00
1 YEAR (52 WEEKS) ☐ $1.50

Enclose check, cash, or money order and mail to:

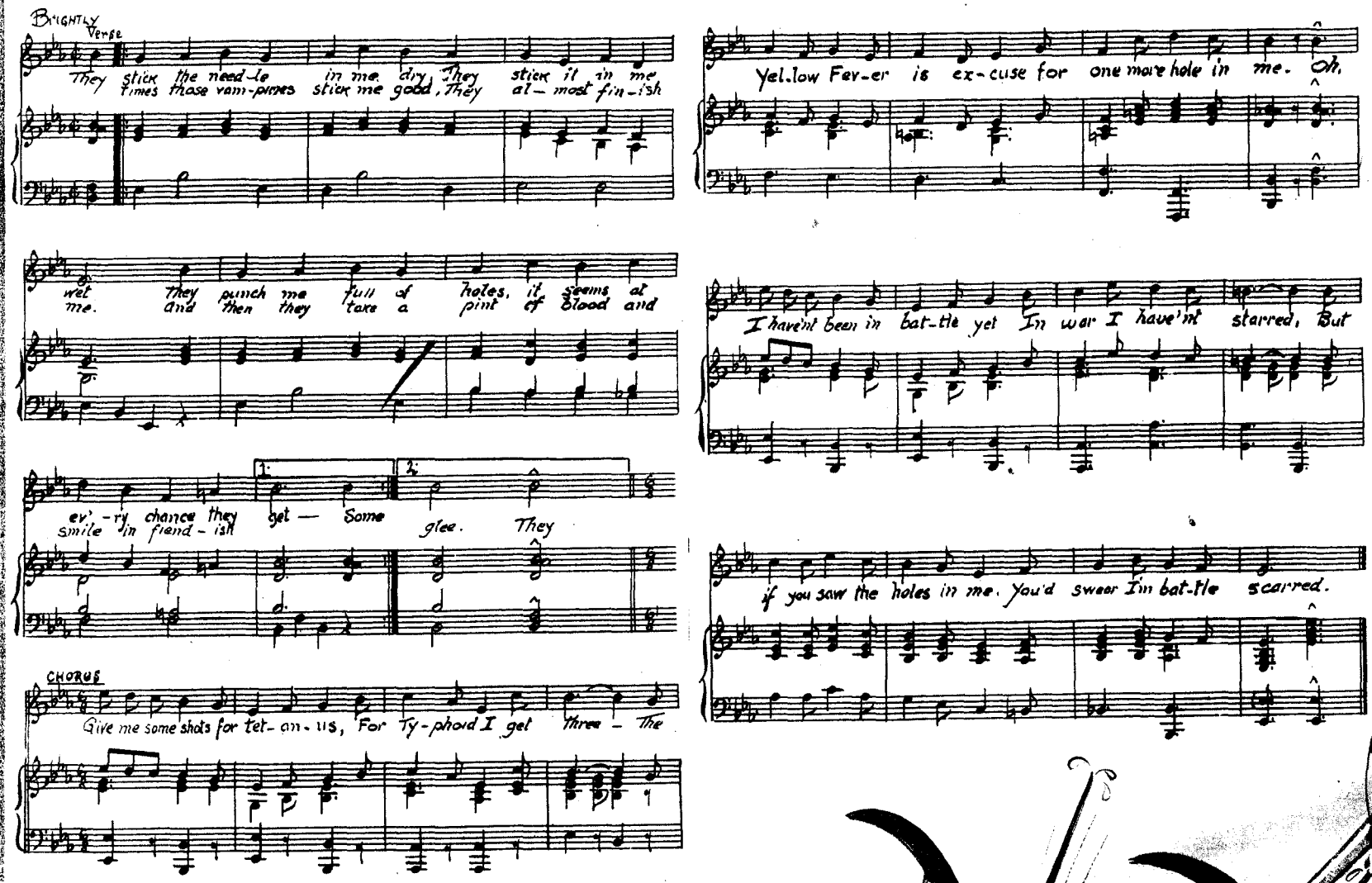
YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City

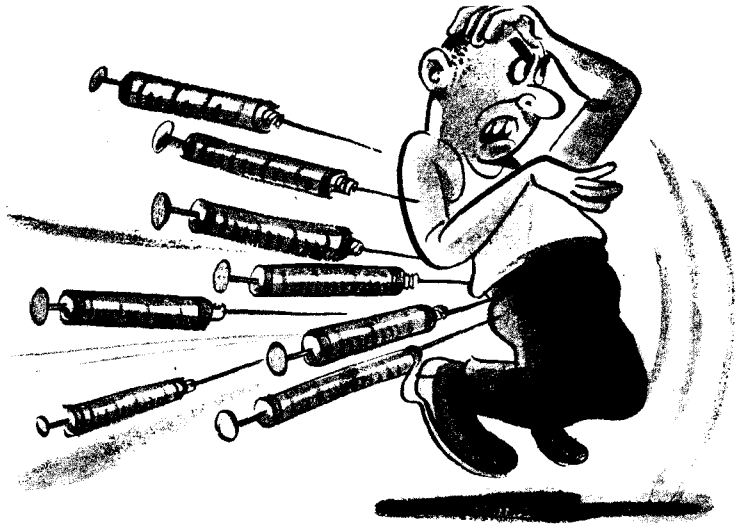
SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED ONLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

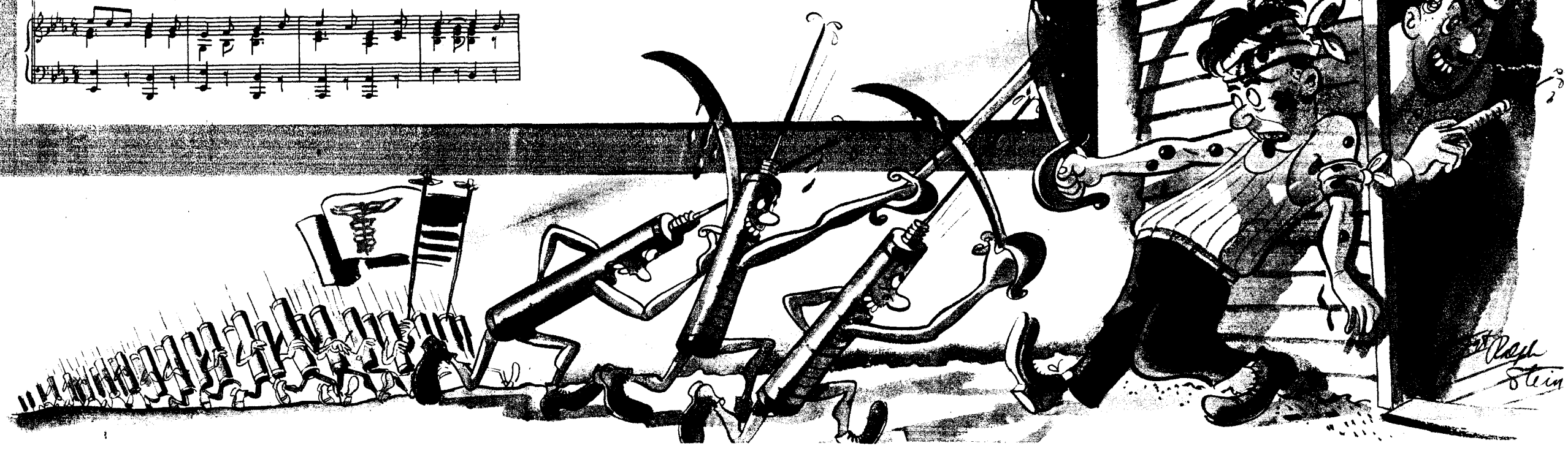
Battle Scarred

Poem by Cpl. John Readey — **Set to Music by Pvt. Albert Kohn**





FRONT AND CENTER, you latrine Carusos. Here is YANK's first sheet music (you heard us) of the war. The ditty to the left, words by Cpl. John Readey, Camp Stoneman, Calif., and music by Pvt. Albert Kohn, first appeared in our *Poet's Cornered* some months ago. The Special Service Division of the Second Service Command, where they say the boys even snore in four-part harmony, has set 10 of YANK's poems to music and this is one of the best. Try it on your zither, comb or glockenspiel, and if you can think up a better set of words, mail them in. A year's free subscription to YANK to all additional verses sent us that are good enough to publish. Just address MUSIC EDITOR, YANK, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. Incidentally, the music for all 10 poems can be obtained by addressing Special Service Office, HQ, Second Service Command, 7th floor, 52 Broadway, New York City. But the supply is limited, so better hurry.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED